

THE DEPARTED LORD

OR,

WORDS THAT BURN

GEORGE B. KULP

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GEORGE B. KULP

The Departed Lord or, Words that Burn

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CONTENTS

I. The Departed Lord - - -	7
II. Masters of Circumstances- - -	43
III. Gather Not My Soul with Sinners -	41
IV. According to Work - - -	56
V. Thus Saith the Lord- - -	83
VI. Practical Regeneration - - -	102
VII. "Having No Hope" - - -	118
VIII. Purity and Power - - -	139
IX. Be Ye Ready - - -	155
X. Wrath Revealed - - -	182
XI. Lying to God - - -	199
XII. The Second Death - - -	216
XIII. Dwell Deep - - -	232
XIV. Hell a Place and a State - - -	246
XV. After This—— - - -	263
XVI. Three Wonderful Days - - -	297

I

THE DEPARTED LORD

"The Lord was departed from Saul" (1 Sam. 18:12).

After preaching a sermon on The Judgment at Steelton, Pa., one night, I gave the altar call, earnestly exhorting the people to yield themselves to God, and before I was through a woman hastened up the aisle and threw herself down at the altar and cried, "O God, give me one more chance." She evidently realized in that meeting at that time the Spirit was dealing with her for the last time. I have a very deep conviction that in every revival series of meetings where the presence of the Spirit is so marked, and He is rejected, there are souls that cross the dead line, and their doom is irreversibly sealed. At Andersonville prison, in Georgia, during the Civil War, there was a Confederate prison in which were confined some twenty thousand Union soldiers. Sherman was making his march to the sea, and every man who could be spared was called upon

to resist him and his army, until there were but few to do guard duty at the prison, and there was fear that the prisoners might make a break for liberty. In order to hold them a line was drawn inside the prison, and some yards from the stockade, and the prisoners were informed that any man coming to that line would be instantly shot, and because some men were killed there it was called the dead line. I believe there is a "dead line" in every life. Dr. Alexander well expresses it in these lines:

There is a time we know not when,
A place we know not where;
That marks the destiny of man,
For glory or despair;

There is a line by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundry between
God's mercy and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die—
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye
Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
And care be thrust away.

O where is this mysterious bourn
By which our path is crossed?
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost.

How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent
Ye that from God depart
While it is called *today*, repent,
And harden not your heart.

My text tells us of a man who had crossed the dead line and he knew it, and he *knew why*. He had repeatedly disobeyed God and did it willfully. I challenge anyone to put their finger on anything in this man's life that was immoral or unclean. There is no record of his getting drunk; he did not steal, nor lie, nor run off with some other man's wife. He did not gamble, nor get rich at other folks' expense; he simply did what you are doing every day—he just *disobeyed God*. I do not ask you to accept of the thought that men cross the dead line and are as surely damned as if they were in hell if I do not prove it by the *Word of God*. I firmly believe what

the articles of religion teach that any doctrine that is not based upon more than one passage of Scriptures we are not required to believe. But give attention to the Word as I quote it. "Ephraim is joined to his idols, *let him alone.*" "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." "They shall go with their flocks and their herds to seek the Lord but He will not be found of them." Israel in their hearts turned to go back into Egypt, and God turned and gave them up, "Because I have called and ye have refused; I stretched out my hand and no man regarded. Because ye have set at nought all my counsel and would none of my reproof I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh, when your fear cometh as desolation and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me, for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord. They would none of my counsel, they despised all my reproof." Listen to the words of Jesus: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that stonest the prophets and killest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children even as a

hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, *but ye would not*, behold your house is left unto you desolate."

In our text the Holy Ghost makes record of a fact. "The Lord *was* departed from Saul," and in this message to you I believe God would have me give you facts. I do not come with arguments, but just simple facts that are beyond contradiction, like the text. I want to pile the Blue Mountains on the Alleghenies, on top of these the Rockies, and then the Alps and Appenines, on these the Himalayas, and have you survey them in the light of the eternity to come, and act as an eternity bound soul should act—and at once. I aim to give you facts, facts, facts that ought to startle you into action at once. I was called to draw up the will of a man who was nearing eternity, and as I did so I saw he was unsaved and little interested in spiritual things. I asked God to help me say the right thing at the right time. I visited him for five weeks and talked and prayed and pointed him to the only remedy for sin, the only Savior for a sinner. As the end drew near I became more and more interested and prayed, "O God, give me something from Thy Word that will help a dying man to find peace." I quoted the most

precious passages as the Spirit brought them to me, and he listened to me apparently much interested, but at last he opened his heart and said: "When I was a young man nineteen years of age, I worked in a machine shop in Rhode Island, and was surrounded by ungodly men who sneered at the truth and at everything religious. I had a Christian mother, but went contrary to her teachings and imbibed the heresy of those men, and now when you quote the Word as you have done, what those men said comes up before me." Then God gave me a passage that I did not quote to this dying man, and it was this: "The wicked are driven away in their wickedness." He died without any hope; he had rejected the truth and God left him. I was in a meeting once upon a time and saw a man with the most pitiful expression on his face, showing he was at least interested. I went to him and talked to him of giving his heart to God, and he said to me, "If I could only get back twenty-four years." But you cannot reverse the wheels of time; there is *no road to yesterday*; that time with its opportunity had gone forever and as far as his life had showed, *God had gone with it*. Facts you know, not arguments. A merchant who had no time for anything but business,

who thought in numbers, dollars, dimes, cents, who saw everything through his ledger and day-book, had a good wife who spent much time praying for him, and at last persuaded him to go to a camp where she was during the meeting. He came the last Sunday night and God, in answer to that woman's prayers, put him under awful conviction till he trembled, and forced to decision, said *No to God*. In six weeks time he was taken with his last sickness; friends prayed with him, exhorted him to pray. His wife pled with him, but while demons from the pit gathered round the bed waiting to drag his naked soul down to the home of the damned, he answered all their entreaties by saying, "God left me the last Sunday night at that camp meeting." *God was departed* from that soul and he knew *why*. I was in a meeting at a home camp in Kansas and there was a woman who wanted to give her heart to God and come to the camp, but her friends who were opposed to the doctrines of holiness, kept her away. It was her last call and she died in a few days, but her friends could not save her; they had kept her from God, but they could not snatch her from the clutches of death. I was preaching in a church in summer time, and the windows being

2207

up a woman in an adjoining house heard the sermon, and heard Sunday after Sunday. God put her under conviction. One Sunday night she came to church and the Holy Ghost was faithful to her, but she went home after saying *No to Him*. That week she was taken sick, and sat in her rocking chair saying, "I am lost! I am lost!" Some of the folks came to me and told me of her condition, and I sent some Christian ladies to see her and they talked to her of her soul, and of the One who is mighty to save; but all that woman would do was to sit in her chair and rock to the sad refrain, "I am lost! I am lost!" *God was departed from her.*

Facts and more facts. During a meeting in which many young people were giving their hearts to God, a young man was under deep conviction, and it continued till the meeting closed. The last night the pastor went to him and said, "George, give your heart to God tonight; this is the last night of the meeting and the Spirit is striving with you; yield tonight—yield now." He was very thoughtful, delayed his answer as though thinking. The pastor urged him further, but at last he said, "Not tonight." The meeting closed; he went to his home. The next morning his mother called him, "Come to breakfast, son;

we are all ready to sit down.” But he did not come. Again the mother went to the stairs and called, “George, get up, come to your breakfast; we are nearly through.” He did not come. His younger brother said, “I will bring him.” And taking a cane from the corner he ran upstairs, poked George in the side and said, “Get up you lazy bones!” but there was no move; he poked him again and then dropped the cane in fear and ran down stairs saying, “Mother, I poked him twice and he did not move!” The mother, smitten with fear ran upstairs to find that George, who had the night before said no to God, was compelled to go when death called him. He had his last opportunity the night before, and murdered it.

A young woman in the state of Pennsylvania, reared by an infidel father who paved her way to hell by teaching her the contents of the Age of Reason, was at last, after her father’s death, brought under the influence of the Gospel by an earnest minister whose services she attended. She gave her heart to God, and for some years lived an humble Christian life. In the course of time the minister was removed by the calendar; a new preacher came; one of a different type, who had been trained under the new regime,

with a new "Course of Study," an evolutionist, a higher critic of the destructive type, and in his sermons he gave vent to the things which this young woman had heard her father say, many years ago. How strange it seems that men can and do preach things in orthodox pulpits today, that if they had preached them forty years ago, they would have been expelled. Her faith was weakened; she lost her experience, and soon after died. During her last illness the preacher came to see her. When she told him what his destructive criticism had done for her, and said to him, "You are preaching what my infidel father once said, you are rehashing the things Paine taught, from an orthodox pulpit, I have lost all the faith I ever had. I am going to hell, and you will come after me. I am damned and you did it." During the campmeeting at Beulah Park, Allentown, Pa., an earnest, talented Methodist preacher was a constant attendant and a very helpful hearer. He received the Holy Ghost as his Sanctifier as a result of the sermons he heard at that time. In his earlier years he had been a Methodist preacher, filling a pulpit in a conference, was devoted and true; but his Presiding Elder came quarterly and would preach sermons that tore the Word of God to pieces, assailing the

Pentateuch, denying the Prophetical Books, and pursuing the usual course of the higher critic of the day. The young man followed him, and went to the logical conclusion, and out of the pulpit, into Socialism, became a noted Socialist orator, but never found any rest for his soul. He went to an evangelistic service held by Bro. Biedewolf, went to the altar, found the Christ he had rejected, went shouting down the streets and told all he met of his joy in believing, and was led of God back into the ministry. He is at this very date minding the Holy Ghost, and is headed toward the evangelistic field, preaching a full salvation.

Facts, not arguments. A chaplain was visiting a hospital; the surgeons had just made their rounds, and one of them said, "Chaplain, you had better go see that man in cot No. —, he is going to pass in his checks pretty soon, and there is no hope for him." The chaplain was soon by the side of the dying soldier, and accosting him asked, "My boy, how is it?" and received as an answer, "I am done for; going over soon—no hope." The chaplain said, "Had you not better pray?" and the dying man laughed in his face. "Ask me to pray? You do not know who you are talking to, or you would never do that."

Then he unburdened himself. "Let me tell you chaplain. There was a young fellow came into our company, and he was as green as a gum log. He never swore an oath; he did not know one card from another, and as for liquor, he never had tasted it. I made up my mind I would make him one of us, and as bad as myself. And chaplain, that fellow got so he would swear till we old boys would stand back in sheer amazement. The air would be blue with his cuss words. And drink? He would carry more whisky under his belt and walk straighter than any man in our company. You should have seen the boys pony up on payday when the paymaster came round. He could skin us all, had us all euchered, and got half the money there was in the company. And say, chaplain, I taught him all he knew; taught him to drink, swear and gamble. Say, chaplain, in the fight in which I got this wound that will soon end my earthly career, that boy was shot dead at my side. *Go call him back; let me undo the wrong I did that boy—then I'll pray.*" No road to yesterday—no way back to the lost opportunity. God *was* departed from him and *he knew it!*

Just facts, you know—not arguments—something for you to think on, something to make you

think, give you pause. Your soul is at stake—for God's sake, *THINK!*

A man lay dying in a little Kentucky town. A good member of the church—but death came. His constant cry was, "I am lost." His wife said to their son, "Go, call the minister." And as he came in response to the call, she met him at the door and said, "Husband is always saying, 'I am lost! I am lost!' It is just awful to hear him going on so." The preacher went to his side, listened to him, then said, "Oh, no; you are not lost; you have been a pillar in the church. What would we have done without you? You have been a standby for years." But the dying church member kept on saying, "I am lost! I am lost!" The preacher went to the wife and said, "You must not mind what he says—he is delirious." But the dying man said, as he caught the words, "I am not delirious; you have been pastor so many years; that man at the foot of the bed has been my neighbor and friend for years; that woman was my wife's girlhood friend. Do not tell me I am delirious. I am lost! *lost! LOST!*" Lost, and he knew it—and knew why! The Lord *was* departed.

Sometime ago there was a church that received considerable support from an unsaved man who

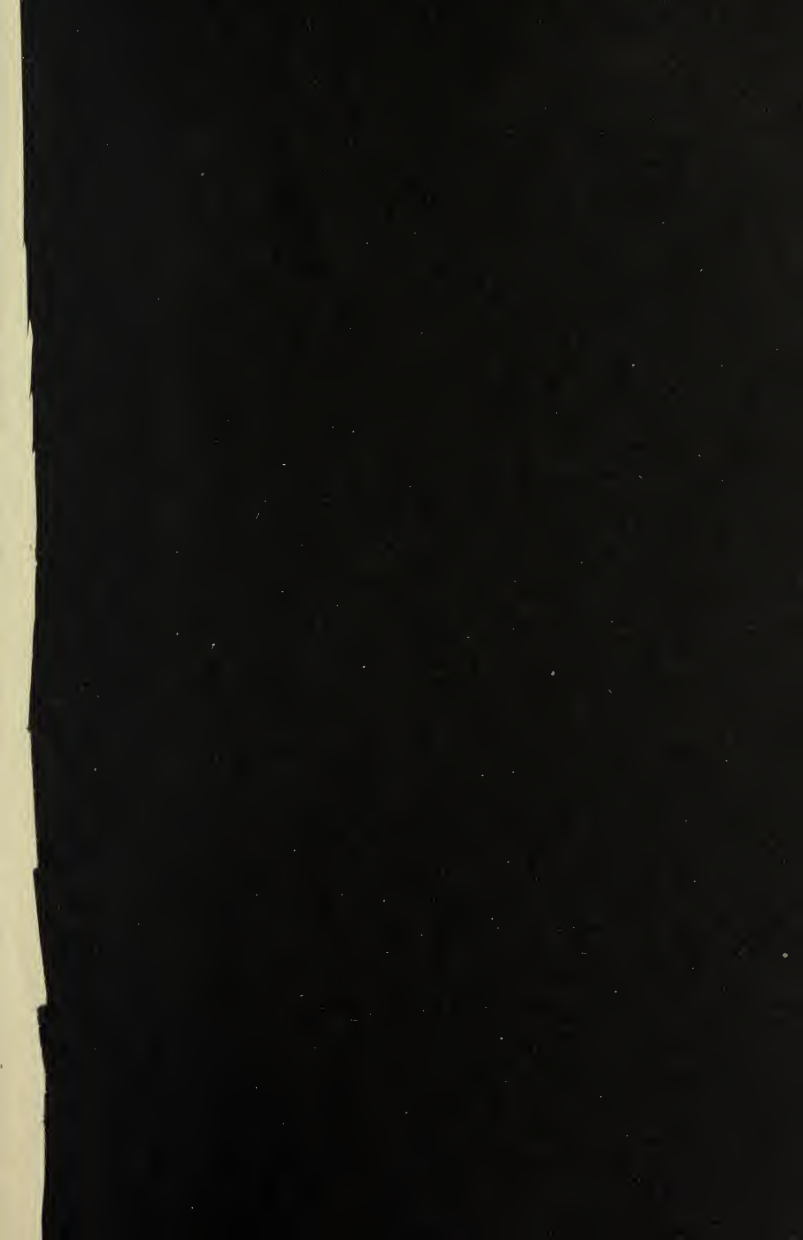
seemed to be much interested in the young folks of the community in which the church was located. Once there came a minister on the charge who wondered why he was so interested and yet never joined the church, nor gave any evidence of salvation. So he went to the man and asked him, "Why is it that you who so regularly give to the church, yet you never darken our doors, nor attend our meetings, nor make a profession?" The man looked him straight in the eyes, thanked him for the question, and answered: "Years ago, while I was a young man, the Spirit of God strove with me. I was under much conviction—knew I ought to yield—but owing to this and that, I said 'NO' to God. He left me. I am as surely damned as if I were in hell this moment. I shall die just as I have lived. I am a lost and damned man. I give to the church to help the young folks. I do not want them to do as I did. Do all you can for the young; as for me, there is no hope. God has left me." He knew the awful fact, and he knew *why!*

I was in Idaho preaching in a revival service that God owned, where souls were getting through to precious victory. There was a young man in the congregation one night who wanted to come to the altar—and *could not*. He had

been in the meeting that was held the year before. In that meeting he went to the altar, and an older brother came and took him away. This time he wanted to go to the altar; the brother who took him away the year before, wanted him to go; friends were asking him to go—but he *could not*—he was handcuffed to the sheriff. He had committed some crime for which he had been arrested, and was waiting in the meeting for the train to pass through that went to the adjoining town, the county seat. One man at least who could not go to the altar whenever he wanted to. And you cannot get folks to pray with you any old time that you want them to. Sometimes God *will not let them pray*. Let me give you an instance: Mrs. Williams was a successful evangelist, owned of God in winning souls and much gifted in prayer. She came home one time, very tired after a series of meetings. She had put off her traveling dress, arrayed herself in a loose garment and was seated in her chair, thanking God for an opportunity to rest, when the doorbell rang and she was called to pray with a dying neighbor. She went to the house and entering was taken upstairs to a room where lay a man who was constantly crying, "Pray, oh, pray!" The mother said to Mrs. Williams, "Oh, do pray

for him!" And she at once fell on her knees and tried to pray for the young man—but *God shut her up*—and she rose from her attitude, saying, "I cannot pray." The mother said, "Mrs. Williams, you hear his request. Oh, do pray for him!" And thus urged, she knelt again in prayer, but she had hardly begun when *God shut her up*, and she again said, "I cannot pray." She left the room and the last thing she heard was the distressful cry, "Oh, *pray, pray, pray!*" He died the next morning just before the dawn of day, and his last whisper was, "Oh, pray, pray, *pray.*" But *God* would not let his servant, so gifted in prayer, utter one single petition. Why? Let me tell you. Years before he had been in a meeting where many young people were asking for saints to pray for them, and he, with one other, had covenanted to ask for prayer never. But when the cold hand of death was feeling round his heartstrings, then he wanted someone to pray. But *God* has a long memory, and he would not let anyone pray for him. *The Lord was departed from him—and he knew it.*

If the lost sinner was in his senses when he died, he would scream in agony of soul as he faces eternity without *God*. The great majority of people who die, *die drugged*. Ask any honest



II

MASTERS OF CIRCUMSTANCES

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." Psa. 37:5.

I believe that it is every man's privilege to be bigger than circumstances. I pity the man who is so weak that he allows circumstances to defeat him. I believe that the man who is yoked up with God—and any man may be thus yoked—the devil, or hell, or the world, or circumstances, or all combined, cannot defeat that man. I am confident that God never appointed us to defeat. I believe we were chosen to be holy. To be holy means to be conqueror. "How can two walk together except they be agreed?" The man that walks with God has the best company heaven can afford, and hell trembles in his presence. I am somewhat of the faith of a little boy, who one time knelt at his grandma's knees to pray, and after he went through the usual prayer that he had been taught, he kept on praying for quite a while; and when he rose from his knees his

grandma said, "Child, what made you pray so long?" He said, "Well, you know, grandma, we sing, 'The devil trembles when he sees the weakest saint upon his knees,' and I thought I would give him a good shaking." I believe that to be true. It is certainly Scriptural that a man who is yoked up with God is bound to be a conqueror—master of circumstances, master of the situation, and at last when he passes through all the afflictions of this world, and enters through the pearly gates, the angels of heaven will delight to do him honor, because he has been made conqueror through the blood of Jesus Christ. Now, you can dip your brush in the darkest colors that hell can afford; you can paint the darkest picture that human agency can paint, or that a carnal mind or a man deeply agitated in sorrow can possibly paint, and when you have gotten through I want to dip my brush in the colors of Calvary and write over it all, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." I believe that God can, that God will bless the man that walks with him, and He will make him conqueror.

Listen to the poet:

"I cannot do it alone,
The waves run fast and high
The fogs close chill around,

The lights go out in the sky,
But I know in the end we two shall win,
Jesus and I.

“Coward and wayward and weak,
I change with the changing sky,
Today so strong and brave,
Tomorrow too weak to fly.
But He never gives in—so we two shall win—
Jesus and I.”

That makes me master, that makes me conqueror, that assures me that all the way down to the end I shall be more than conqueror through Him that hath loved me. “Well,” but you say, “Brother Kulp, are not we sometimes defeated?” Yes, but it is our own fault. Perhaps we did not call in reinforcements quick enough; perhaps we were rather slow in remembering the promises of God. But listen: If you were once defeated, *why should you stay defeated?* We are in the battle, we are human, we are subject to infirmities, the enemy goes about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour; but listen to this: There is no need of your trembling; when you are trembling it shows you need the anointed eyes. That old prophet went out one time and the enemies were gathered all around him, and there was a young man with him from

the school of the prophets, who seeing the great crowd around him began trembling, and he shook like an aspen leaf. The old prophet said, "Lord, open his eyes!" And when his eyes were opened he saw what the old prophet had seen all the time—the hilltops were crowded with horses and chariots of fire. He that is for us is greater than all that can be against us. Brother, sister, do not be discouraged! I am here this afternoon to tell you that faith unites a man with Omnipotence and makes him bigger than any circumstances that can be gathered around him. Now, I want to prove it. We will have a class-meeting with a lot of saints together like they used to have. When I was a boy I went to class-meeting with father and mother, and an old leader would come around among them, a man of Christian experience, and he would go to each one separately and say, "Brother, how is your soul today?" And that old saint would get up—or a young saint, as it may be—and tell how he was getting along in his soul. He did not talk about the years gone by; did not say God's Word was true and he believed it, but he just held up one bunch of grapes after another, one bunch of pomegranates after another, and then declared he was in the land and

had the fruits. Say, I like the old-fashioned Methodist class-meetings. I believe in class-meetings this afternoon, and we will have one. I am going to ask the mother of Moses to stand up and testify. Listen! This preacher has declared this afternoon that faith in God will make you master of circumstances. Women have been encouraged by your faith in the days gone by, and I want to ask you to give your testimony. "I was a mother and God gave me one of the finest boys that was ever given to a mother. The king of Egypt made a decree that all the children of Israel should be put to death, and I remembered the promise that had been made unto Abraham, and after prayer I made an ark and daubed it with the slime of the river, and then I launched that ark out on the bosom of the Nile."

"What! did you put that ark with the child in it out on the river Nile?" "No, no; I launched it out *on the promise of God*; and there came a day when the daughter of the king came down to the river to bathe, and she saw the ark among the flags, and when she had opened it and saw the weeping baby, she had compassion on it. She decided to keep it and that she would have a Hebrew nurse for it; so they came and called me for that purpose. Thus, by the Providence

of God my own baby was restored to me." Faith in God makes us master of circumstances.

Well, do you want to hear from Moses? Moses, I want you to testify this afternoon. Will faith in God make a man master of circumstances? And I see Moses, the old lawgiver of Israel, the man who had all the learning of the Egyptians, the man who was reared in Pharaoh's court—I see him stand up there and I hear him testify, and he says: "There came a time when I had to choose between a throne and a race of slaves; I had to choose between being the son of Pharaoh's daughter and casting in my lot with an army of slaves. I looked upon the backs of the slaves, and there were the scars of the task masters; but I remembered the promise that God had made, and I esteemed the reproaches of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt, and I cast in my lot with the people of God." Did it pay? "Let me tell you; forty days I was shut in with the Infinite and He let me sit in His presence and He talked to me, and at last there came a time when I should die, but I did not die the ordinary death; my soul said goodbye to the body and I went up to be with the redeemed." Hallelujah! Faith in God makes a man master of circumstances.

Well, here is a man from Uz; an old white-bearded patriarch—I want to hear from him. Job, Job, will faith in God make a man master of circumstances? Job can hardly talk for shouting. He gets up and begins to testify: “I have proven the thing to be true all in one day; a messenger came to me and said, ‘The oxen were plowing, and the Sabeans fell upon them and took them away; yea, they have slain all the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped to tell thee.’ He had not gotten through speaking when another messenger came and said, ‘The fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burned up the sheep, and the servants, and consumed them; and I only am escaped to tell thee.’ Before he had finished speaking another messenger came and said, ‘The Chaldeans made out three bands, and fell upon the camels, and have carried them away, yea, and slain the servants with the edge of the sword; and I only am escaped to tell thee.’ While he was still speaking there came another and said, ‘Thy sons and thy daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother’s house: And, behold, there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are

dead; and I only am escaped to tell thee' ” But, Job, I want to ask you: Does faith in God make a man master of circumstances? What did you do that day? “I lifted my hands and my eyes to heaven and I said, ‘Naked came I out of my mother’s womb, and naked shall I return thither: The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.’ ” Oh, brother, faith in God makes a man master of circumstances!

And that is not all. Here is a man I think a great deal of and I want to get him in this class-meeting. Daniel, I want to ask you, will faith in God make a man master of circumstances? And old Daniel gets up and says, “I was in the land of captivity; I was far away from home, my people had hung their harps on the willows, and we very seldom heard the song of rejoicing. When we exhorted them to sing they would say, ‘How can I sing the songs of God in this land of captivity?’ Then my enemies went and had an edict passed and said that if a man should pray to the God of heaven he should be cast into the lions’ den; and I kept my windows up and prayed three times a day, and they took me and cast me into the lions’ den, and there I slept all night, but the king passed the

night without sleep, and came to the mouth of the lion's den very early the next morning and said, 'O Daniel, servant of the living God, is thy God whom thou servest continually, able to deliver thee from the lions?' And I shouted, 'My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me.' " Hallelujah! Faith in God makes a man master of circumstances.

Say, let us get this little fellow up. He has sore eyes; nothing very attractive about this fellow, but every time he testifies the saints catch fire. Oh, I want you to look at him! Paul, I have made this proposition to this congregation, that faith in God will make a man master of the situation. And I see Paul, who has been many years on the way, has been shipwrecked five times, has had forty stripes save one laid on him, and I want you to be very still now, while Paul testifies. Paul gets up and says: "Forty men took an oath that they would not eat nor drink until they had taken my life—and, hallelujah! I do not know where they are, but I am here! And I was out on an old ship, and for days the sun and stars and moon were not seen, and every sail was gone, and the sailors had lost all heart and were wanting to put the prisoners

to death; and when everything was the darkest I threw my arms around the old mast and said, 'I believe God.' " Oh, hallelujah! When everything is dark, faith says, "I will make you master of circumstances."

Isaac Watts, thou poet of Methodism, will faith in God make a man master of circumstances? Isaac is accustomed to giving his testimony in song:

"Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die,
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh."

Charles Wesley also sings his testimony:

"Thou, oh Christ art all I want
More than all in Thee I find."

Hallelujah! "*More than all in thee I find.*"

I know of a preacher who has been in Africa the greater part of his life. Alongside of him has been an educated woman, his wife. They both came out of the finest circles of Christian society. When he was home for a short time someone asked him concerning his going back to Africa, and he said, "Wife and I are going back to our black friends; we are going so far into the interior that we will never see a white

face again. We are going to live and die not only for Africa but in Africa, and we are doing it for Jesus' sake." Faith in God made that man master of circumstances.

I was at the Springfield camp in Ohio, and on missionary day there was a man there that was asked to talk, and I looked at that fellow and I thought to myself, "Are they going to put that fellow up to talk?" He did not look as though he knew an adverb from a shad, but they put him up and he began to talk, and I wish you had heard him. It was not five minutes until he was rubbing his eyes and was getting blessed, and had everybody else blessed. That fellow came from India and every day on his way he wrote a letter, and after he got here he mailed them all; and in the last letter he wrote he said to his wife, "I have something to tell you that will make your heart laugh: when I come back to India I come back not only to live in India, but to die in India."

We can lose sight of big automobiles, big dinners, big churches, friends and hosts of friends when Jesus Christ fills our vision. Oh, brother, I pity the man whose vision can be filled by a man. I pity the man who cannot see anything else but the Apostolic Holiness Church; I pity

the man that cannot see anything else but the Methodist, the Baptist, or the Presbyterian Church. Now, wait; do not misunderstand me. I believe everybody ought to belong to a church and stand by it; but there never was a church that was big enough to fill the vision of a man who has once had a glimpse of Jesus—I do not believe in *glimpses* of Him either. An old man who was dying was asked, “Do you get a glimpse of Jesus?” He said, “Away with glimpses! For forty years I have had a full look!” Glory be to God! Glad I have a full look, brother. Oh, glory be to heaven’s King! I want to thank God for my experience this afternoon. Jesus Christ satisfies me abundantly, abundantly, abundantly! Glory be to God forever! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Satisfied in Jesus, and with Jesus, and expect to be satisfied eternally! Expect to keep on growing! My soul is bigger today than it ever was, and I expect to keep on growing through the eternal ages. God is going to give me an increased capacity that will help adapt me. Glory be to God! I cannot tell you what there is before me, but by the grace of God I am going every step of the way to find out. God said to the people of Israel before they got to Canaan, “I will give you a land that flows with milk and

honey; I will give you houses you did not build, and I will give you wells you did not dig," and glory be to heaven's King, I am headed for the land where there is a mansion I did not build, where there is a fountain I did not strike. I am going, I am going to take possession! Hallelujah! I am glad I am in the class-meeting. Hallelujah! Glory be to our God! Let all the people say, Amen!

Well, now, wait a moment! Somebody says, "Brother Kulp, that is the experience I want." Well, my text tells you how to get it. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." "Well," somebody says, "I have been to the altar, and I have committed and did not get anything." Brother, you did not commit, and I want to say to you on the line of thought that our dear brother had this morning, you cannot commit without you do certain things before. What are they? First, you have to *admit*. Admit what? "Lord, I am a sinner—I am unworthy; Lord, I am the vilest of the vile; Lord, if I had my deserts I would go to hell. I am a sinner, I have sinned against light, I have sinned against knowledge, I have crucified the Son of God." You have to admit. That is the first thing. Admit. Now, follow me, what

is the next thing? *Submit.* "Oh, I do not want to submit." I will tell you that is the trouble with us; we are too stiff, we are too proud, we do not like to submit ourselves unto God. You submit yourself to man. Listen! I buy a railroad ticket, I take that piece of pasteboard, I walk into a car, and I sit down and submit myself to the conductor and the brakeman and the engineer, and the foreman. I submit myself. I do not run the train; I do not try to. The great trouble with people now-a-days is that there are so many who are trying to run the train. I came from Pilot Point, Texas, to Texarkana, and when I got on the train I said to the conductor, "I want to get the Cotton Belt for Memphis." He took my ticket and punched it and said, "All you have to do is to sit still and we will do the rest." And all I have to do now is to commit my way unto the Lord and *He will do the rest.* I have committed myself and I am riding. Hallelujah! I am riding! A fellow was one time walking on a railroad track, and a station man came along and said, "You have no right to walk on this track." He said, "I have," and he pulled out a railroad ticket. The man said to him, "You are a fool; that is not a ticket to walk—that is a ticket to ride." A great many people

do not seem to understand we have a ticket to ride. No, we will not submit; we want to boss. I want to say this, that whenever a man gets the baptism of the Holy Ghost all the desire to boss is taken out of him. There is a man I respect very highly. My shoes needed blacking. He said, "I will black them for you." I said, "I will black my own shoes." "No, I will black them; I want to get a blessing." Well, you can have your choice, washing the saints feet or blacking their shoes—I do not care which. Man has to admit, then submit, and then what? *Commit*. If you have admitted and submitted, then commit. What does that mean? Abandon yourself to God. We have some Holiness people that tell you that consecration is not a condition of sanctification, but I stand here to say it is. They say, "Oh, you folks are consecrating over the old man!" But, God bless you, if anything will put the old man to death and mortify him, it is when you abandon yourself to the Holy Ghost. I declare unto you I have no will of my own now-a-days; I have handed it over to God, and have told Him His will is mine, and I tell you this afternoon that my experience is, that all I have to know is, what God wants me to do, and I will do it. Commit yourself, abandon yourself

unto God. Then what, after you admit, submit and commit? Then God will *remit*. Did you ever get any remittances? One time there was an old lady bowing in prayer, saying, "I have not a bite of bread nor a bite of meat in the house, but Lord, I am trusting you." And there were some wicked boys heard her and went to the store and got some bread and meat and threw it into the house, and the old lady said, "Oh, God, I thank you for sending me some bread and meat." The boys came in and said, "Oh, Auntie, you need not thank God for that; we are the ones who brought it." "Oh," she said, "God sent it, but the devil brought it." A *remittance* from heaven.

What is our remittance? First, pardon. Has it come this afternoon? Second, purity. I want to ask you, have you received the Holy Ghost? Did you admit, submit, commit and get the *remittance*? Is this text true? "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass?"

III

GATHER NOT MY SOUL WITH SINNERS

"Gather not my soul with sinners." (Psalm 26:9.)

God
When one preaches, and the stenographer is taking down every word that is uttered, one ought to be very careful what one says; and when we remember that *God* hears, *God* takes note, *God* makes record of every word that we utter, we ought to be careful, for we will have to meet it at the Judgment Seat of Christ. We ought to be very careful what we think; we ought to be very careful how we hear; we ought to remember that Jesus once said to the messengers that He sent out, "He that heareth you, heareth me; and he that rejecteth you, rejecteth me; and he that rejecteth me, rejecteth him that sent me."

I want to bring you a message from God, from His own Word. The infidel denies the Christian revelation; the agnostic stands with

the future before him, and says, "We do not know"; but the man who believes the Word of God—and every man and woman ought to pay attention to it—learns this lesson, gets this great truth, that out in the beyond there is an eternal future. We look backward, and there is duration that never began; we look forward, and there is duration that never will end. In that future there are rewards. The Word of God teaches it. In the Sermon on the Mount, Jesus, when He had taken His place in front of that multitude, opened His mouth, and taught them, saying—listen to it! "He that heareth my words, and doeth them, I will liken him to a man who built his house upon the rock; and the winds blew, and the floods came, and the rains descended and beat upon that house: and it *fell not*; for it was founded upon a rock. But he that heareth my sayings, and *doeth them not*, I will liken him to a man which built his house upon the sand: the floods came, the winds blew, the rains descended and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it."

ETERNAL DESTINY FIXED BY PRESENT ACTIONS

Your future throughout eternity will be the logical consequence of your actions here. Jesus

Christ teaches us in this Word: "Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give every man *according as his work shall be.*" The beggar died and was carried by the angels to a place of rest; the rich man died and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment. There is a *hereafter*. There is a future, and every man in that future *will reap just exactly as he sows.* Listen to the Apostle: "For me to live is Christ; to die is gain." "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." This Book says Abraham, Aaron, Moses, were gathered unto their fathers. Not where they were buried; back yonder beyond the Euphrates lay their ancestors.

It meant something more than that—gathered where they were *over yonder!* Job says, "The rich man shall die, but not be gathered." Listen to my text: "Gather not my soul with sinners." What does that imply? That over yonder sinners will be gathered *together*. They will be associated *together*. They will go to one place. Judas killed himself, and went to his own place—the place that he had fitted himself for. Men get what is coming to them. God is eternally just, and what you sow in this life, just as sure as that old Bible is true, you will reap hereafter.

HELL, THE SLUM OF THE UNIVERSE

“Separate me from the sinners; gather me not with the sinners.” What does that imply? Listen to it! HELL! Hell is the slum of the universe. I have been down at George Street Mission before the saints down there prayed away and out so many of the saloons, when it was as evil as the gutters of Hell. The “Red Light” district is everything that is vile, everything that is foul, everything that is unclean. Hell is the slum of the universe; devils, angels that kept not their first estate, which were cast down from the presence of God, to be reserved in chains of darkness unto the judgment of the great day—angels fallen, demons, dark spirits, the damned of all ages, all the unclean, all the foul, all the filthy, all the sorcerers, all the whoremongers, all the adulterers, all the liars, all the incestuous—everything that God hates gathered out of the universe of God, cornered up in Hell, with a door that never opens outward, with God Almighty writing “ETERNITY” across the bar—shut in there forever. And as I hear their groans, as I hear the cries of the lost, as I hear the shouts of devils, as I hear the damned weeping and wailing and gnashing their teeth, as I hear the cries of remorse, and despair, and anguish, and know it

is eternal, I join with the Psalmist and pray, "O Lord, *gather not my soul with sinners.*" Listen, men and women! There are only two places; there is an eternal Heaven, and there is an eternal Hell, and every soul in the sound of my voice tonight, every person here is headed toward an eternal Heaven or an eternal Hell, and if tonight your heart should stop beating, if tonight you should cease to breathe, you would go to the place you are fitted for. Not that God did not love you; not that Christ did not die for you; not that the Holy Ghost did not strive with you; not that saints did not pray for you; not that you never heard the truth of God: but, because "ye would not"—because "*ye would not.*" Going toward eternity seventy heart beats a minute—going to an eternal Heaven or an eternal Hell. "Gather not my soul with sinners."

UNDER THE CURSE OF GOD

Now, again. Hell is not only the slum of the universe, but those that are there live under the curse of Almighty God. I want you to get it. "God is angry with the wicked every day." A penitent sinner can make the heavens bend—and God will incline His ear. God stepped all the

way from the council chambers of the Eternal, down to where at Bethlehem's plains He robed Himself in mortal flesh in order to save man. God smiles upon us here. The sun shines and the rain falls on the just and on the unjust. The winds blow, the sun shines, the grain waves for them, the cheek of the fruit is colored by the sun and wind for their benefit. They have Calvary, they have Olivet, they have the Mediatorial Throne, they have the pleading Holy Spirit, they have the minister, they have the Word of God. Some of them have a mother's prayers. But listen! In eternity God never smiles on the sinner—God never, never, never smiles on the sinner! The wrath of God rests upon the lost forever and ever and ever, and every unsaved man and woman here tonight, every praying mother's son who is unsaved, every girl who is going into eternity over a mother's prayers, over a father's prayers, over the blood of Jesus Christ, over the strivings of the Holy Ghost—say, beloved, listen! In Hell you will lift up your eyes, being in torment, with the wrath of God upon you, and to last throughout all eternity. And as I think of it, and as I pray over it, and as I weep over it, I say, "O God, gather not my soul with sinners."

Another thought. To aggravate all the terrors

and all the horrors of Hell, falling upon one's ear is only one sound, that of blasphemy, swearing. The lost curse each other; they curse God; they curse Jesus; they curse the Holy Ghost; they curse themselves; they curse their lost opportunities; they bite their lips; they chew their tongues; they gnash their teeth; they walk on the red-hot pavements of an eternal hell, and they cry, *I'm lost, I'm lost, I'm LOST!!* The only music they ever hear is the *groans of the damned*. The only water they ever drink is the *tears of the lost*. The only prayers they ever offer are never, never, never answered. O God, "gather not my soul with sinners!" Who are the damned? The people who did what you are doing, sinner; rejecting Jesus Christ, grieving the Holy Ghost, going into eternity with your feet speckled, spotted, red with the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, that you despised and trampled upon. And then, memory aggravates all the horrors of the damned. Men will remember, "I might have been saved; Christ died for me, the Spirit of God pled with me, mother prayed for me, men of God preached to me, friends exhorted me to give my heart to God; but I would not, I would not!" Say, listen, sinner! How will you ever stand it?

THE UNCEASING GROANS OF HELL

Up in the hospital in our city there is a long corridor, and on each side of the corridor are rooms; in each one of these rooms a patient, some undergoing operations, some of them facing death. Here at one room is a glass partition. On the other side of the partition there lies a woman. She is going to die. The doctors say they cannot help her. Oh, how she groans with pain, with the suffering, with the heartaches. On this side of the partitions there are other patients. They say, "Please shut that door. I cannot stand that woman's groans. Oh, for God's sake, please shut that door." That woman died during the night. One of the patients said, "I don't hear her groan. Where is she?" Oh, her groans are silenced at last! She died last night. But when you have been ten million years in Hell, and the groans of the lost and the damned have fallen upon your ears, they will never cease, and you never, never never can get used to it. There will never come a time when they can say to you, "Those groans are silenced," for *in Hell they never die*. May God wake us up. We are facing eternity, facing an eternal Heaven or an eternal Hell.

Jesus appealed to men's memories. Listen to what He says at the Judgment Seat: "I was sick,

and ye visited me not; I was in prison, and ye came not unto me; I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink." Listen! In eternity, when you stand at the Judgment Seat of Christ, God will appeal to your memory. The books of remembrance will be opened, and God will say, "I sent you a man of God. He gave you a Gospel sermon, and you rejected. I gave My Son to die for you, and you crucified Him afresh. I sent the Holy Ghost, and you said, 'Go Thy way; when I want You, I will call for You.'" Oh, the horrors! the horrors that will aggravate a lost soul when it remembers how it trampled the blood of Jesus Christ under foot, and rejected Blood-bought opportunities! "Son, remember, thou in thy lifetime hadst thy good things." You had camp-meetings, you had Bibles, you had conviction, you had example, you had Blood-bought, Providential opportunities, and "*ye would not.*" Oh, the horrors of the damned! Oh, the agonies of the lost! "I am damned, I am lost, and it is my fault." O God, I pray, gather not the souls of this congregation with the souls of sinners! I do not wonder the Psalmist prayed that way. "Gather not my soul with sinners."

THEY NEVER SLEEP IN HELL

smoking

Again, here you can drown your memory with drink. There are no saloons in Hell. You can get drunk here. You can drink over bars legalized by the help of church members who voted for license for fear their taxes would be raised. But listen! You cannot get drunk in Hell! You can have so much business here, and so devote yourself to business you will forget other things, you will forget important things. They don't do any business in Hell. Here is the place to do business. God says, "Occupy till I come." The root meaning of that word, "occupy" is, "do business." Do business; do it for God; do it for eternity; do it for your own soul. But in Hell they do not do any business. All they do is to weep and wail, and gnash their teeth, and bite their lips, and shed tears, and regret the past, and roll and revel in remorse and despair. But they never do business in Hell. You can sin all day, you can violate the laws of God, you can take the name of God in vain, you can chew tobacco, you can drink whisky, and then you can lie down at night and sleep, and forget it all; but, beloved, *they never sleep in Hell*. It is dark—it is dark all the time, it is worse than Egyptian darkness, it is darkness that the soul feels; but

no matter how dark it is, they cannot sleep. The liquid waves of eternal fire dash against the walls that confine the damned, and keep on roaring throughout eternity. The wicked, the lost, never, *never, never* sleep in Hell.

Look at this fellow sitting down here. He is thinking. Oh, he is thinking! He says, "My thoughts will drive me to distraction. I am so distracted by my thoughts I cannot do business. My wife knows there is something the matter with me. The children know there is something the matter with 'Daddy.' My thoughts will drive me to distraction." One day he goes down to the hardware store and buys an automatic revolver. He goes home, goes into his room, pulls out his revolver (I am giving you an actual fact), he goes into his room where his wife is sleeping, shoots her through the forehead, and then he puts the revolver to his own brain—*in order to keep from thinking*. He falls dead, his soul goes out into eternity—and *he is thinking yet*. "*Gather not my soul with sinners!*" All eternity in which to think! Reaping what they sowed.

ETERNAL DOOM

Now, another thought: The sinner in Hell knows his doom is eternal, fixed.

I visited the State Penitentiary at Trenton, N. J. I went there with a friend of mine who at one time was employed in the Institution. We walked along the corridor and came to where a door was shut, but there was a small opening. He said to me, "George, look in here," and he tapped and a man inside opened a little door not much larger than my hand. I looked in, and saw a man there about forty-five or fifty years of age. After I came away, Mr. ——— said to me, "George, he is in there for life. In a moment of passion he took a knife and killed a boy who tantalized and angered him." But listen! In there the man has some hope. The Governor may relent, friends may intercede, they may say, "He has been there long enough." But, listen! In Hell the sinner knows his doom is eternally fixed, never can be changed, never any hope—never, *never*, NEVER can hope that he will die and the thing end.

A woman lay dying with a cancer. She said, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Let me die! Oh! Oh! Husband, kill me! kill me! kill me! I cannot stand it!" That husband went to a doctor. He said, "Doctor, I want to ask you a question. In God's name, is there any hope for her?" "No, sir; she is going to die." "Doctor, in God's name, go over

there and give her something that will shorten her sufferings, give her something that will help her out of the body." He went over there. He injected something into her arm. He said, "In two or three hours she will be over all her sufferings." And in two hours all was over. But when amid waves of liquid fire that roar and dash themselves against the precincts that confine the damned, there will never, never, never come a time when anyone can come that way and cause your sufferings to cease. You will groan, you will cry, you will pray, you will agonize, you will suffer, you will be remorseful, you will be filled with despair, regret; but there will never, never, never come a time when it will cease, until God Almighty Himself dies—and He will never die. "Gather"—O God!—"GATHER NOT MY SOUL WITH SINNERS!"

WHICH WAY ARE YOU HEADED?

Which way are you headed tonight? Seventy heart beats a minute, going toward an eternal Hell or an eternal Heaven. A few more heart beats, you will go across the line. A few more heart beats, and probation will end. A few more heart beats, mercy will be dethroned. A few more heart beats, no more sermons. A few more

heart beats, no mourners' benches. A few more heart beats, no altar calls. A few more heart beats, God Almighty Himself will shut the door and you will be shut out for ever and ever and ever. O God, help this dying congregation tonight, facing eternity!

When the *Titanic* went down there were sixteen hundred people on board, and the lifeboats could not take them. The stern began to sink lower and lower, and lower in the water. The people ran up toward the bow and got up to the farther end. Still she went down, lower, and lower, and lower, and the lifeboats pulled away for fear of the suction. Those who were near said that when that vessel took the last surge and went down, from sixteen hundred souls went up one awful wail of despair, and they said, "I never want to hear the like of that again." They only heard it for five minutes—they only heard it, perhaps, for three minutes; but in Hell they hear the like through all eternity—the cry that is going up from the lost, the cry of anguish and despair that is going up from the lost, and going up forever and forever.

Now, again. We say no change, no respite in Hell, no let up—a living death. Now wait a moment. After you have had everything that the

world offers—if the devil himself could give you the kingdoms of this world, and you had them all, if you had them all, if you had bought all its pleasures, gratified every passion, if you had satiated every appetite, and then should go down and make your bed with the devils damned in Hell, I want to ask you a question, *What shall it profit?*

God in His mercy sent some angels, and said, "Go down to Sodom and get Lot out of there." And they went down, and Lot was too slow for them. An angel took hold of one arm, and another angel of the other arm, and said, "Haste thee, get out for your life. I cannot do anything while you are here." Why couldn't he? Because off there Abraham was praying. "Get out of here; escape for thy life!" And then the fire descended. The wrath of God is hovering over a world that crucified His Son. God in His mercy sends the Holy Ghost, and He sends the Word of God, and the Word on one side, and the Holy Ghost on the other, are saying, "ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE!"

IV

ACCORDING TO WORKS

"The Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness" (2 Sam. 3:39).

"Treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath" (Rom. 2:5).

If we thought more on eternal verities, we would behave ourselves better. If we would remember God, many persons would be troubled. If we would take God at His Word, that we shall be judged according to the deeds done in the body, we would be more careful about our doing. The Empress of Austria saw her Cabinet fearful, her troops defeated, her generals disheartened, and France robbing her of one of her fairest provinces. She realized the injustice of the thing, and said to the French commander: "My lord, God does not settle every Saturday night, but God always settles." That is eminently true. We ought to have it burnt in on our memory, on our conscience, God always settles. The Old Testament and the New agree, He will reward

the doer of evil according to his wickedness. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We may be dealing with men, we may be dealing with finite creatures, we may be for awhile creatures of time; but eternity is before us, and we will settle with God according to the records we have made. God is pressing it home upon us. We are forgetful. We are light. We are trifling. We are jesting. We are satisfied with the name on the church record. We are satisfied with going to church and to meeting once on Sunday—if it does not rain. We are satisfied with a pretension, a profession, with a fireless experience. But, listen to this: It means much to live. People talk about it being a solemn thing to die. To die is easy. It is a solemn thing to live. We are living for eternity. The finest epigram in the English language was written by Doddridge:

"'Live while you live,' the epicure would say,
Enjoy the pleasures of the passing day;
'Live while you live,' the sacred preacher cries,
'And give to God each moment as it flies.'
Lord, in my view let both united be,
I live in pleasure when I live for Thee."

It is a wonderful thing to remember that we are living for God. The apostle said, "For me

to live is Christ; for me to die is gain." But let us get it home to ourselves. We do not have to look back to a sentiment, to a truth uttered nineteen centuries ago. How are *we* living? What impress are *we* making upon the world around us? What are we doing to help Jesus Christ? It is an old proverb, "God loves to be helped," and I want to say it reverently, God cannot do without us. Down at Ocean Grove, General Grant, my old commander, was on the platform, in that great big tabernacle, and it was crowded with thousands of people. A man who had been a private soldier in the old Army of the Potomac in Colonel Perry's old New York regiment, now a Methodist preacher (Its officers were most all Methodist preachers and its privates Methodists), introduced Grant, and when he introduced him, he said, "We could not have done without him, and he could not have done without us." That was true. Now, I want to say it reverently, God, in accordance with His plan of salvation and the economy of grace, cannot do without us. He says, "Lo, I am with *you*. Go *ye*," and when a man who was gloriously saved, clothed and in his right mind, out from among tombstones, came when Jesus was about to depart, and said, "I want to go with

Thee," Jesus said to him, "Go to thy home and tell them what great things God hath done for thee." What are you telling? What are you doing? There are some people that never shout anywhere else than at the "Mount of Blessings." Some people never do any shouting at home. Some people never shout before the grocer, and the baker, and the shoemaker. How are you living at home? I was thinking this afternoon when our brother was giving his exhortation, when men dropped down here on their knees, if the men and women in this congregation who profess to be saved and sanctified, who say they have received the baptism with the Holy Ghost, would have their Pentecost, if they were on their knees before God in prayer as much as they are talking around on this camp ground, this place would be awful with the Divine Presence. There is a great big difference between the gift of *gab* and the gift of *grace*. It does not require much self-denial on the part of some people, to stand around and talk, and talk, and talk. What we need on this camp ground is to pray, pray, pray! Then we are going to see something done here that will satisfy the heart of Jesus Christ. Do not tell me about the hardness of men's hearts. I know it is harder today

—it seems so to me—to get men and women to God; but one thing I do know—the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth. I know that God hears and answers prayer, and I know this, that whether you are in the church or out of the church, just as sure as God lives, before every man and woman within the sound of my voice tonight, before every boy and girl who has arrived at the age of accountability, there is an eternal heaven, with all its joys, with all its blessedness, with all the glory that the Son had with the Father before the world was, or there is an eternal, salty, fiery, billowy hell, and it depends upon men's actions here. Jesus Christ told us about a church member who “lifted up his eyes in hell.” Church membership is no guarantee of salvation.

“The Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness.”

It was a hard thing to get away from the United States Government during the last war. They had secret service men in business offices; they had them in shops; they had them on the street; they had them wherever men congregated, and men not knowing that notice had been taken of what they said, found the heavy hand of the government laid upon them, and they

were summoned before the Department of Justice. The government was watching, and very few men escaped with their treason against the government. But if men could not get away from the government, how are you going to get away from God? General Mitchell, that Christian astronomer, sat in his observatory and turned his telescope down across the country, and seven miles away he saw boys in an orchard, shaking apples off the trees and robbing the orchard. They knew nothing of it, but that man's eye was upon them. But, listen! There never was a sin you ever committed, whether in the light or dark, whether at home or a thousand miles from home, there was never a sin hid away in your bosom that you ever committed that you would not have your wife, your sister, your mother to know, but God was gazing on the whole thing, and unless you confess and repent, and get right with God, He will uncover that thing at the Judgment Seat of Christ. Oh, we go to campmeeting, and we go to our churches, and we go Sabbath after Sabbath, and go in and out like the door on its hinges, and then we think no responsibility, no decision, no action called for. Listen! If you have got a spark of oldtime Bible salvation, it will put a go in you,

and make you interested in the salvation of souls. One of my prayers is, O God, help me to see in everybody someone for whom Jesus died! And yet they are dying all around us, they are slipping through the fingers of the church by thousands into a devil's hell, and there is very little effort being made to save them. We have periodic spasms that last about ten days, and then for the balance of the year we devote ourselves to monkey shows and church socials, and lectures, and entertainments, and let people go to hell, while Jesus Christ is on the throne praying. I repeat what Brother Hatfield said this afternoon, Lord, wake us up! We are going to campmeeting and enjoying ourselves ten days in the year, and going back home and lying on our oars, and letting the world go to hell. God knows. God sees. I am glad to preach sermons that make people uncomfortable, that drive people to their knees. I am glad to preach sermons that drive men and women to confession. That old Book is gloriously true. It is awfully true. It is tremendously true. It is eternally true. "The wages of sin is death." Oh, you would not think so. You would think sin was a joke. You cannot get ten ungodly men together one hour in a fishing party or a hunting party, but

before the hour is past someone will have something to say that is smutty or unclean, and thinks it is smart; but God makes a record of it. You never uttered a sentence with a double meaning, you never thought an unclean thing, but God Almighty had the record. You never did a mean thing, but God Almighty took note of it, and He will call you to judgment. You do not have to drink. You do not have to smoke. You do not have to chew, and I think it is as much of a sin to chew as it is to drink. Any man that violates the law of God in his own body, sins against God. Oh, I got along beautifully in some meetings for six or eight days. Some fellows said, "That is fine preaching." "That is good preaching." They would sit on the front seat, and shout and shout, and about the ninth day God would put something on me about tobacco, and then they closed up just like a clam. They were members of the church, had their names on the church record. Whenever a man gets real Bible salvation, it will change the color of his spit, and the Lord will reward the doer of evil in his own body. If I live until the 23d day of next month, I will be seventy-four years old. I have not got an ache or a pain. I have not got an organ of my body that I know I have from any ill feeling.

When I came to this country I was as sound in my body as any baby that was born since Abel. I was the first baby of an old-fashioned Methodist father and mother. Father was converted at sixteen, mother at fifteen. Neither one of them ever went into sin. Father lived to be eighty-one and never backslid. Mother will be ninety-six next November, was converted at fifteen, and never backslid, and when I was coming to this country they did not try to kill me, so I landed safely, with a perfect body—perfect in limb, perfect in wind, and I never went off into sin, as many have done, for which I thank God and the training of my Christian parents. They watched over me, did not let me out after dark. I do not know that I ever stayed out much after dark, until after I went into the army, and I went into the army just before I was seventeen years of age. They kept me home, and I went to church with them, and sat on the same seat with them. I did not sit on the same seat with mother, because when I was a little fellow and went to church, the men sat on one side, and the women on the other. Men are rewarded for the evil they do to their bodies, as they violate the law of God, and if you have sinned against your own body, either in the marriage relation or your

appetites, you will die and go to hell as quickly as the biggest drunkard in America. The Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness.

Nobody ever did a good deed but what God took note of it. I see an old prophet down here in a pit, and the pit has mire in it, it has water in it, and down there means death, and somebody pities the old prophet, and goes to the king and says, "You leave Jeremiah down there many days and the old prophet will die on your hands. Let me take him out." And the king said, "Go, take him out." And they let down clouts to go under his arms, and let down a rope, and told him to put the rope over the clouts, and then lifted him up out of the dungeon and landed him, and took him over and put him in a chamber and took care of him. By and by, in the evil day, God remembered that man that went to the king in behalf of the prophet, and said, "Tell him the people of the land will go into captivity, but he can go wherever he pleases, have perfect liberty, and the whole land is at his command."

Oh, God is very mindful of His laws. God said to His people, "One year in every seven thou shalt leave the land lay at rest." But they were like the people of America are today—they were

prosperity mad—and for 490 years the land had no rest. But listen! God has got a long memory. By and by those people were carried off into captivity for seventy years, and the land had its rest. Oh, you are dealing with God. You cannot cheat Him. Today the Sabbath, with many people, is a day of pleasure, a day for big dinners, a day for visiting, a day for company. I remember I went on a new charge one time. One of the leading members drove up in front of my house after Sunday morning service, stepped out in front of the house (he had a great big, spanking team of bays and a fine surrey), and he said to the children, "Is Brother Kulp there?" I went to the front door, and this man said, "Brother Kulp, let your George go out with us and spend the afternoon, and we will bring him back when we come to church tonight." I said, "No, sir; I do not allow my children to go visiting on Sunday." If people do not obey the laws of God, they will not obey the laws of man. The man that is not loyal to God is not a good citizen. We are introducing the European Sabbath. Talk about the Puritan Sabbath, when they would not make a fire or wash the dishes—bless God, I would rather have a Puritan Sabbath than a European Sabbath. They produced men. We

do not have any statesmen today. We have a lot of politicians, and they have got their ear to the ground to hear the sentiment of the people. They are not leaders, but followers. In those days we had men that stood four-square. We are talking about keeping the Sabbath. There is not much shouting, is there? The Bible says it is a day of rest and worship, not a day for fun and for frolic, and your ministers all over this country that are talking about a liberal Sabbath, and moving picture shows on Sunday, and baseball games on Sunday, belong to the devil. "The Lord shall reward the evil doer (the Sabbath breaker) according to his wickedness." That is the teaching of God's Word. You are dealing with God's Word. Listen to what Jesus said: "The words that I speak unto you, they shall judge you in that day." "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." You are not dealing with me. I am bringing God's message. I would not dare to preach anything else but what God gives me, and I preach anything God gives me, no matter where I am, if I have to walk home. Listen to what a man doubting the truth of that Word said: "If I could believe that death is an eternal sleep, I'd be happy; but if there is a life beyond, I am a

lost soul, and eternity means hell for me." And that is true—hell for the man that does wickedly, no matter how moral he is, no matter how high he stands in society. It is hell for the sinner, rich or poor. Oh, we can go down and stand before the congregations in the slums and preach the truth, and lay it on about hell, and about the violation of God's law, and then when we get uptown in the churches, and get a lot of so-called respectable sinners before us, then we are dealing in nosegays and perfumery and rose water, and they are going to the same hell as the others do.

"The Lord shall reward him according to his wickedness." Down in the Shenandoah Valley the commander of a brigade of cavalymen was riding through the valley. There is a home, and there stands a man in the front yard, and there is a boy not over sixteen years of age. Back there about five miles, two or three Union soldiers were hanging by the neck. The commander of this brigade said, "Mosby's guerillas did that. We will settle with those fellows." And he came on until he came to this house, and there stood that man and there stood that boy; not a gun in their hands, no sign of armed resistance, and he commanded his men to shoot that man and boy.

He said, "Run, if you can get a chance for your life." And they ran, and he said, "Men, fire!" And the men fired, and that man and that boy went down to death in what I call cold-blooded murder. "The Lord shall reward the evil doer according to his wickedness." That Brigadier General was the idol of his troops, of every cavalryman in the Army of the Potomac, and they would have almost considered it treason to have said then what I am saying now. But listen! That man, after a great many years, went out West, was surrounded by the Indians. His troopers were shot down, and the Indians told how he stood there with his revolvers in hand, fighting to the very last, and at last he went down to death. Listen! listen! listen! God shall reward the doer of evil according to his wickedness. You cannot violate the law of God and escape. There never was a Union or Confederate general, during the Civil War, that began a battle on Sunday, but was defeated. When Admiral Cervera came out of that bay down there on Sunday morning, he thought the Union fleet was at worship. The flag of worship was up, and he came out and provoked the battle, and was defeated. He was fighting against God.

My text is true to the individual and to the nation.

Now, again. We know we must die. Unless Jesus comes, every saint here will die. Every sinner will die. Are we living as though we thought it? I was standing in the station at St. Mary's, Ohio, and there was a great big bill poster furnished by the railroad company, and on that poster here is a party in an automobile, and yonder is the railroad, and yonder comes a train, and here are the words on that poster: "Whenever you approach a railroad crossing, always remember you may enter eternity on a moment's notice." That is true whether you are approaching a railroad crossing or not. No one here has a guarantee for tomorrow. You may die before tomorrow morning. What preparation are you making for it? I preached the other night. "Prepare to meet thy God." What preparation are you making? "Why, Brother Kulp, I am a member of a church." You can die with your name on a church record, and go to hell. I believe in churches. My name is on a church record where I live, and where I was pastor for fifteen and one-half years. I believe in churches and denominations, and anybody that cannot be satisfied nowadays must be pretty hard

to suit. But I am not depending upon my church membership to save me. The poet wrote, "All men think all men mortal but themselves." That is a lie. Every man knows that he must die. The seeds of death are in our frame. Seventy heartbeats a minute, going to an eternal heaven or an eternal hell. When Sister Standley was a young girl, she went down to a Mission in Cincinnati that Brother M. W. Knapp was in charge of, and when she was walking out, M. W. Knapp said to her, "You are standing on the brink of hell." Each and every sinner here tonight is standing on the verge of eternity, and on the very brink of an endless hell. The sinner is almost lost and already damned. You say, "I do not believe that." Every sinner is under condemnation, and condemnation means damnation. God says in His Word, if your heart condemns you, God will condemn you. How do you stand in your own heart tonight? John uses the word heart there instead of conscience. How do you stand by your own conscience tonight? I knew a little girl who went visiting with her parents—a little bit of a thing about three years of age. For some reason her mother and the lady of the house went upstairs, and she took possession downstairs, as a child three years of age thought-

lessly will, and she walked out into the kitchen, and then she walked out into the pantry. The pantry door was open, and she saw some cookies, and that child took two or three of them and came out chewing cookies. The lady of the house said, "That's all right." Let me tell you something. Quite a number of years afterward, when she was a young lady, she went to the altar and wanted to get right with God, and she prayed and prayed, and came to her mother and said, "Mother, do you remember when we went to Mrs. W——'s, when I was a little girl three years old, and I took some cookies out of the cupboard? Do you think I ought to go and tell Mrs. W——?" Oh, she got through all right. She is a preacher today. There is a way through. But listen! You cannot go over your sins and you cannot go under your sins. There is only one way, and that is God's way—repent, confess and forsake. Have you done it? You were on the car the other day, and the conductor did not collect your fare. Do you call yourself honest? You are a thief! You rode in the train the other day. You had your girl with you, and she was over six years of age, and you ought to have paid half fare, and you did not do it, and you thought that you beat the railroad company, and

you were that much ahead. You are a thief—and you will die and go to hell unless you repent. I was preaching out at Salvation Park this way one night about fifteen years ago, and went down off the platform and started over to my tent to get on dry underwear—I had been perspiring—and as I went by a woman said to me, “Great God, preacher, what am I to do? That is what I did coming to campeeting.” She had her children with her, and did not pay halffare. You do not like this preaching. This is too pointed. You want something that is general. Generalities are the death of prayer and the death of preaching. God did not call me to deal in generalities. He called me to preach the straight Gospel.

I was preaching at a certain place; I was laying on the truth, and a man said to another preacher who was sitting behind him, “I wonder if there is any necessity for any such preaching as Brother Kulp gave us tonight?” It was none of his business. I am not a man-made preacher. A man did not call me to preach. If a man had called me to preach I would have run away long ago. I had a call from heaven, and knew God called me to preach. Before the next morning went by this preacher who was sitting behind

that man that criticized me, went to him and confessed to sin, and the next morning when I preached, he came to the altar. You need straight preaching. You are settling down in the mire and mud of sin, and you will settle in an eternal hell, unless you repent.

I should not wonder tonight but there is some fellow here that holds his head mighty high, and it has not been many years since you sat in a parlor and the young girl you sat with tonight is on the street, wrecked and ruined, and you are running around in somebody else's parlor, to play the same thing over. A young girl one time walked out of church, and a boy walked up and said, "May I have the pleasure of seeing you home? Will you take my arm?" She said, "No, sir." The next day his sister came and said to this young lady: "Last night my brother approached you in a very gentlemanly manner, and offered you his arm and asked for the privilege of seeing you home, and you said, 'No, sir.' Will you please tell me why you refused my brother's arm?" She said, "Certainly I will tell you. I will not take the arm of any licentious young man."

I heard tell of a woman sometime ago, the night before she was married the man that mar-

ried her looked her in the face and said, "Have you always been a good, true, clean woman?" Listen! If the women that are about to be married, would ask the men that question, and insist upon it, seven-tenths of the men could not answer it truthfully, or would not, rather. I am going by what the doctors say. I have the records. A clean woman has as good a right to a clean man as a clean man has to a clean woman. A man came to me one time and said, "Oh, I want to see you alone." I said, "Come on up in my study." We went up there, and he said, "Oh, what am I going to do? Before I was married, my body was diseased through sin, and I came back to this city and married my present wife, and now we have children, and I am afraid that my sin will tell in their bodies, and I go down to the drug store and buy medicine and take it home to wife, and say, 'Wife, it is spring-time; the children ought to have blood medicine.' She says, 'There is nothing the matter with the children.' " And he did not dare to tell her, but he was afraid that the sin of the father would be visited upon the children. Listen! A girl had better, a thousand times over, die an old maid than to yoke up with diseased manhood. I do not think old maids are such awful things, after

all. I am pretty sure of one thing—they did not jump at the first chance they had, like some other folks. I want to say another thing. I believe that God Almighty can take a man who has been down in sin and down in the slums, and down in the mire, and forgive his sins, and clean his heart, and in a measure restore his body. Glory to God! “Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall your wings be as the wings of a dove.” Hallelujah! God says so in His Word. I am glad I believe God.

I want to get that second text—“Treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath.” Treasuring up stores for eternity. Here is a man with a muck rake. He is after gold. He fails to see the crowd. Here is a man pleasure mad. He is in the theater, the moving picture show. Here is a man at the gaming table. Here is a man with liquor hid away in the cellar and closet. Here is a man—what is he doing? Gratifying appetite? No; I will tell you what he is doing—treasuring up wrath. There never was a lie told, there never was an unclean thought, there never was a licentious act, there never was a word spoken that could not be said in the presence of God, but what that person added to the treasures of wrath up yonder. Oh, it is no joke to live. It

is no dream to live. We are living for two worlds. Dr. Warren said there are two classes of people—timists and eternalists; worldly and other-worldly, and the great majority of people are today timists, the worldlings. I saw a girl at the altar in one of my last meetings, and she had on a wrist watch, and the thing did not go, and had not gone for months. Worldlings! Oh, you say you don't believe in those things. Well, I do. That was a clear case of pride. The thing did not go at all, and it was worn for show, and if fashion today said to wear them on your ankles instead of the wrist, the majority of young folks would have them on their ankles.

The Lord shall reward the doer of evil according to his works—like for like. The law of retribution runs all through the Word of God, and runs all through natural law. Jacob deceived his father, and his sons deceived him. The Egyptians killed the male children, and God Almighty killed the eldest son of the Egyptians. Whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap. Haman built a gallows for Mordecai, but was hanged on it himself. Daniel was thrown in the lions' den by his enemies, but God kept him, and the next day his enemies were thrown in themselves. They put the Hebrew children in

the fiery furnace, and those that cast them in were burned by the fire. Whenever you try to make it hot for somebody else, you always get burned yourself. Charles IX. looked down on the pavements where Huguenot blood was running red—the streets flowing with the blood. How did he die? His pores issuing blood; bloody forms before his eyes; bloody pavements before his eyes. “Whatsoever a man sows, *that* shall he also reap.” He shall be rewarded according to *his* wickedness. You cannot get away from your sins, only at the Cross. You remember Pilgrim came through the little wicket gate, and came and stood in front of the Cross, and there he lost his burden. You remember what Bunyan makes him say: “Blest Cross! blest sepulcher! Yea, rather, blessed be the man that hung thereon and died for me!” You can lose your sins at the Cross, but you will have to take God’s way to get there.

Here is a man who murdered his master. He left his master’s body in the house and set fire to the house. He was arrested, tried and convicted. Here is a judge sitting on the bench. He is very, very uneasy. The lawyers notice it, the prosecuting attorney notices it, the counsel for the defense notices it, and now comes the

time to sentence the prisoner. The judge breaks down and begins to weep. He went down, took his place in the prisoner's box, and sat alongside of the prisoner. Listen to what he said: "Twenty years ago I murdered my master. I left his body in a house, and I set fire to the house, and I have been trying my own case and find myself guilty." Twenty years ago a murderer—a judge now on the bench, but still a murderer. Conscience is faithful. The case reminds him of his sin, and he sits down in the prisoner's box and acknowledges himself guilty. "Be sure your sin will find you out." "The wages of sin is death."

"Treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath." You are dealing with God, and the messengers of God are on your track, and yonder is the judgment seat, and yonder Calvary, and there is the praying, bleeding Christ, and here is the blessed Holy Ghost, and men are sitting under conviction, and people are saying: "I would like to be saved, but, oh, that past life!" Listen! The Blood will cover the past, but you must repent; you must confess, you must forsake. You must go with God, or what? This Book says then, eternal wrath. How is the wrath of God pictured in the Bible? Fire! Fire! Fire!

Burn so much surface of the body, and all the doctors in the land cannot restore you; but Jesus Christ says that eternal wrath is eternal fire. "The smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever." It is going into eternity, over the dividing line, by the Bible, by a mother's prayers, by the prayers of the saints, by the entreaties of the Son of God by the pleadings of the Holy Ghost, going over the crucified body of the Son of God, to a billowy, fiery, eternal, salty, dark hell, the abode of the damned, where they chew their lips, bite their tongues; where there is no water, no children, no music. Lost forever and forever and forever lost! Without hope all through eternity. No mourners' benches, no sermons, no altar calls, no invitations, no mercy offered, no repentance offered, but lost—lost forever. Not for one thousand years, not for ten thousand years, but lost for all the ages of the future—lost! lost! lost! As Brother Ed Ferguson said on this platform one time—lost until the last soul winging its way through eternal space can find somewhere the gravestone of the Almighty God. That means lost, lost, lost, forever! Brother, tonight God calls you, the Spirit is striving with you, Jesus is praying, and here is a blood-bought opportunity. Listen! You will

make a decision tonight. I can imagine somebody says, "No, preacher; I will not." Yes, you will. You will decide for God or against Him. If you are saved you will know it as well as you know your own name, and if you do not know you are saved, you are not. "The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." What are you going to do with Jesus tonight? Will you receive Him? Tomorrow is eternity.

I was preaching away up in Ontario, near North Bay, where they have the snows until May and June. The first night I preached, a young man said no to God. He went out of the house, the night was dark, and that man climbed over a fence and got down on his knees and said, "O God, if you will spare me until tomorrow night, I will go to that altar." And God spared him, and he did not go to the altar. That man went through one meeting after another. I never knew him to be settled and settled with God, and since I have been down here, Brother Tom Robinson has told me that that man is in eternity. God called him again and again.

I was preaching down in George Street Mission, and I made a remark down there like this: "If you ever had a better experience than you

have tonight, you are backslidden." God said to a man, "Young man, go to the altar." He did not do it. Five years after that I went up in Canada to preach. I was preaching the first night, and I again made that remark, and I gave the altar call, and a young man stopped me and said, "Five years ago I was in George Street Mission, in Cincinnati, O., and I heard Mr. Kulp say the same thing he said tonight, 'If ever you had a better experience that you have tonight, you are backslidden,' and God said to me, 'Go to the altar,' and I did not go, and five years from that time he comes up here and preaches the same truth, and I am going to the altar." God has a message here for somebody tonight, and it may be that young man that is nearest the dead line; that young woman that is nearest eternity; that young girl that mother is praying for; that mother's son that God has been talking to in these meetings, and tonight God has given you another opportunity. Will you come forward here to the altar? How many persons are there here, you want the prayers of God's people, you are not ready to meet God, and Jesus says, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." "Prepare to meet thy God."

V

THUS SAITH THE LORD

"I do send thee unto them; and thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God" (Ezek. 2:4).

Every man who is called to preach the Gospel is sent of God. No man has a right in the ministry who is not called into the ministry. Medicine is a profession, the law is a profession, the ministry is a calling. "No man taketh this honor unto himself." I knew I was called to preach before I was saved; I have met other brethren who knew the same. I believe that God calls men and gives them the message and then accompanies the message with the Holy Ghost. In my early days when I was preaching, if I did not see some manifestations in the congregation I would get bothered. One time I stopped right in the middle of a sermon and said to the saints, "I wish you would pray!" When I got through preaching an old-fashioned Methodist preacher who sat on the sofa behind me came to me and

said, "George"—I was a young man then—"I want to tell you one thing: *God is always working, whether you see it or not.*" And I have never forgotten that. God is *always* working; the Holy Ghost is absolutely faithful—we can depend upon Him. All I want to know is that I am God's man, have His message for the hour, and all the big preachers you can put on the platform behind me do not have any effect on me.

"Thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord." Do not you see in this text, called of God, sent with a message? Sure. It is right on the surface. "Thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord." There are some things that I do want to know; I am a natural interrogation point; I am continually asking questions. Some things I can only learn of God.

Old Squire Jones was sick—had a stroke of paralysis. The doctor was attending him; he was getting better, but he was very thoughtful. The doctor came to see him and he sat there with his head bowed apparently in deep thought. He said, "Doctor, may I have another attack of this?" "Yes, sir." "And it may prove fatal?" "Yes, sir; but cheer up, Squire, you are a man of splendid constitution. You may not have another attack for years." "But I may have an-

other soon?" "Yes." "And I might go off in that attack?" "Yes; but cheer up, Squire, we all have to pass through the gate sometime." The Squire said, "Doctor, you are a Christian man; I am not. I want to ask you a question: *What is there beyond the gate?*" What is there beyond the gate? I want to know. What is there beyond? Is there a living hereafter? Is there something beyond?

Man is the masterpiece of God. He was made a little lower than the angels; he was crowned with glory and honor, and when God looked on him—let me say it, will you—God was proud of His work; and He said, "*It is good*" Man was made to have dominion. Doctor Watson says that every man has the primeval itch, the desire to boss; and although he fell, that thing stuck to him. If there is anything I despise, it is an ecclesiastical boss. God made me too big to have a Pope over me. I like brethren, but I have no use for popes. I do believe that the grace of God will cleanse a man from the primeval itch. Man had dominion over everything—the fishes of the sea, the birds of the air, the beasts of the field; he walked and he talked with God; held communion with the Infinite. But he fell—lost the Divine image. There are some things man did

not lose, and one is his immortality. If God had not provided a Savior for the race, man would have lived on forever, eternally lost. Man did not lose his immortality. The Seventh Day Adventists say he did, but we say he did not. And listen! He has in him capabilities, and he has proven his mastery. There is not anything so masterful as a man in the will of God. There are masterful men who are outside the will of God, but I crave them for Jesus. He has mastered the secrets of the earth, has discovered the gold, searched lands and waters for diamonds and pearls, and has annihilated time and distance. When a man used to want to go across continent, he had to take a wagon and go with a wagon train, where there were a number of men went together for safety; and it took weeks and months to go across the prairies and reach the other side. Or he had to go down around Cape Horn and come up on the Pacific. Now, he buys his ticket, sits back in his Pullman car, and in four days lands on the Pacific Coast. He has annihilated distance and he has annihilated time. You can start a night letter at 12 o'clock and it will reach the Atlantic at 8 o'clock, four hours before it started. If that is not annihilating time, I do not know what it is. Man has

conquered the air. The Frenchmen and Germans are doing much of their fighting in the air and under the water. I believe the time is coming when air ships will be as common as trains.

Now, I want you to look at man: He is master of the earth, master of the sea, master of the air, made in the image of God. Look at him as his strength begins failing. He does not walk with a firm step any longer, goes feeling his way, going slowly down to the grave. I want to ask you a question, Is this man who is made a little lower than the angels—is this man made to fill a hole in the ground, furnish a banquet for worms? Is that the end of man? I do not believe it. Somehow I feel inside of me a longing for something beyond. But, how am I going to know? Listen! Thus saith the Lord, "These things are written that you might have life." Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel. I can find here in the Word of God all that I need to know, and I can walk along with a firm step, see death coming down the road and know that I am conqueror. How do I know it? Know it by faith; know it because the Bible says so. I am believing everything in the Bible; everything from Genesis to Revelation. There are a lot of little preachers

going about writing things and calling them "New Thought"; but, God bless you! I am staying by the old Book. How do we know things? "Thus saith the Lord." There is a heaven hereafter. How do I know? After Solomon, the wise man, had finished the greatest temple that was ever built, when dedicating it, he spread forth his hands to heaven and said, "Lord God of Israel . . . hearken thou to the supplication of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, and hear thou *in heaven*, thy dwelling place." Say, *heaven is the dwelling place of God*. I believe there is a heaven. Jesus Christ said, "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you." I believe in a heaven of many mansions. I believe all this Book says in regard to it. God says, "Heaven is my throne." God tells us in this Book all that we need to know about heaven.

I sat one time by a little cot, and in it lay a little child about two years old, who was dying of membranous croup. As I watched that little one suffer and the mother standing over it wringing her hands, I was glad to know that there is a heaven where sickness never comes. No sickness there; the saints are all healthy; no poverty there—the saints are all wealthy. God

bless you, beloved! I never allow any person to call me a poor preacher. I am not. Not at all! If ever there was a fellow who walked this earth independent, it is this man. I never allow anybody to measure me by the wealth of this world that I possess. Bless God! I am an heir of heaven, a co-heir with Jesus Christ! Sometimes I find a woman who has good sense—a young woman. One time there was a young woman who lived in a certain community, and there was a man who came into the community and lived there for about a year. It seemed that he was all right, but the people did not know anything about his ancestors. He kept company with this young lady, and finally they were engaged to be married, and someone came around and said, "Say, you do not know where he came from." She said, "*No, but I know where he is going.*" Amen!

Say, we are priests, we are kings unto God, going to heaven where there is no sickness or death, reunion of loved ones and no one ever gets old. Thank God!

Now, something about the inhabitants. There are some folks I like to see. Would not give a snap of my finger to shake hands with Roosevelt or anybody because of their political standing; but there are some folks I would like to see. I

would like to see the man that lay at the rich man's gate, and I expect to sometime. I want to see the man who went into the lions' den and there spent the night without any harm being done him; I want to see the man who took his son and was about ready to offer him as a sacrifice when God came on the scene. Oh, I want to talk to them about their experiences, and I will have plenty of time to do it, too. *The sun never sets there.* I want to talk with John the Baptist. I am in sympathy with every man that had his head cut off. There would be a lot of preachers have their heads taken off these days if they would stand up and say, "You are living with some other man's wife"—and we need some people to say it. I do not believe John's head was in the basket, until his soul was in heaven. Oh, I am proud of our folks; John and Abraham and Brother Moses, and all the rest of them. We have some fine relations you do not know of. I remember in my early days I used to be so proud; I got my grandfather's record and put it in the Bible, and was so proud of it. Say, I have gotten over that. The man who cannot boast of anything but his ancestors is like a hill of potatoes—the best of him is under the ground. But we like to talk about our folks—Hannah,

and John and Moses and Daniel and Paul and Timothy, and all the rest of them. Hallelujah! Yes, I am proud of my folks! Blood relations of mine. Before the Cross nobody ever went to heaven only in anticipation of the blood; since the Cross they have had the password, "The Blood." Yes, I want to see our folks, and I am headed that way. I used to have a horse, and when I would drive him away from home I could not make that horse trot unless I would whip him, and he would want to stop at every place I ever stopped; but when I would start home that horse would just trot along—and how he would go! Do you know why he would go so fast? He was going home. Well, God bless you, the older I get the faster I am going toward home, and I am making more fuss over it than I ever did in all my life. A friend of mine a few years ago said, "When Kulp gets older he won't be so radical." But, bless God, I am getting worse! I have more to shout over. Glory to God! I did not know there was so much ahead. But listen! You will never get heaven up yonder unless you get heaven here. Heaven is a state and heaven is a place, and you have to have heaven, the state, in you before you go to heaven, the place. Have you got it? Is there

anything inside of you that would not suit in heaven? Anything inside of you that would be out of harmony in heaven? God help us tonight! This is the place to get things fixed up. Amen! Oh, I believe the Book: "Thou shalt say, thus saith the Lord." What is there beyond? Only two places—heaven and hell. You say, "Brother Kulp, I believe in heaven, but I do not believe in hell." What is your authority for heaven? "Oh," you say, "the Bible." Well, that is my authority for hell. Now, if the Bible is not true in regard to hell, then it may not be true in regard to heaven. If ever you lie to me you have robbed me of my confidence, and I will not believe you for five years, unless you get converted, and if that old Book is not true all the way through, I have no use for it. I believe it is true in every statement it ~~makes~~ **makes**; I believe it is true in every statement it **makes** in regard to heaven, and I believe it is true in every statement it **makes** in regard to hell, and I can warn the people. There is a hell, and you and I are headed toward an eternal heaven or an eternal hell—only one step, only the thickness of our ribs between eternal heaven and eternal hell. How do you know it? The Word of God says so. Oh, there are only two classes nowadays. I read a

statement the other day that every congregation is made up of the righteous and the wicked. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." "The fearful, the unbelieving, the whoremonger, the sorcerer, everything that believeth and maketh a lie" has an eternal hell awaiting them. Why? Did not Jesus love them? Yes. Did not the Holy Spirit strive with them? Yes. What is the matter? They deliberately rejected Jesus Christ; they deliberately said "No" to God. Listen! You and I have all the salvation we want; if you want any more you can have it. If you are lost, it will be because you would not be saved. Listen to this: "How often would I, but ye would not." "Ye would not come unto me that ye might have life." "If any man is *willing* to come unto me, he shall know the doctrine." Remember, you are wicked because you want to be wicked; you are a sinner because you want to be a sinner. One time a little boy coming home from school heard a man upstairs praying at the top of his voice; and when the little boy reached home he said to his mother, "Mother, what does that man pray that way for?" The mother said, "He wants to be good." "Well," the little boy said, "*Why don't he?*" Yes, why don't he? You are as good

as you want to be. Oh, I am not saying that men will not grow. "The path of the just shineth brighter and brighter unto the perfect day." "Evil men wax worse and worse." Oh, I get sick and tired of hearing people say to God, "Have your way." Say, brother, you *let* God have His way with you and He will make you what you ought to be. Do not you get down on your knees and talk about heredity and all that. I know there is a power in heredity, but I know there is a power in the blood of Jesus Christ.

I would quit preaching and go out of the business if I did not know that all heaven was back of me. I am sure that when I am preaching there is somebody right here by the side of me. You do not see Him and I do not; but He said, "*Lo, I am with you alway.*" I at one time announced a week ahead of time that I was going to preach on roller skating, as I have no use for it. If I wanted to send a girl to hell I would send her to the roller skating rink, and I would send her as quick as I would to the dance hall. You will find old widows there skating with boys, and old men with young girls. Lust is at the bottom of the whole affair. I made up my mind I was going to preach against that thing, and I announced it, although I knew three-

fourths of my congregation would be against me. When I got up to preach my knees began to shake. I had selected the hymn:

“Let worldly minds the world pursue
It has no charms for me
Once I enjoyed their pleasures too,
But grace has set me free.”

Before I got through with that verse God struck me, and I would have stood up there and preached if there had been as many devils there as people. That sermon killed the roller skating rink in that place. The son of the proprietor of the skating rink said, “When that man Kulp comes down town I will show him what I will do for him.” But he did not do anything. God managed the whole business.

There is a hell for those who refuse to walk in the light, and say—if you are not living up to the light that God gives you, you will die and go to hell just as sure as you are living. You do not have to go out in open sin to be lost. All you have to do is just refuse to walk in the light. “If we walk in the light . . . the blood cleanseth”; but if we refuse to walk in the light, *that light becomes darkness*. It means an eternal hell. Some people do not like for men to preach on hell; but if you cannot get a prayer

through to heaven, if you die tonight, you will drop into hell just as sure as God is on the throne and that old Bible is true. John Bunyan in closing *Pilgrim's Progress* said, he saw there was a way to hell from the very gate of heaven. There is a way to hell *from the church door*, and *from the church record*. You may have your name on the church book, and partake of the sacraments and be baptized, but these things will never save you. You have to repent and forsake and believe, and then you will have the witness of the Spirit that you are a child of God.

I was preaching a little over a year ago in a Union Church that belongs to a coal company up at Marytown, W. Va. God wonderfully blest that meeting, but I know this, that every dispensation that God has given will close in judgment, and every revival service that is rejected, those who reject it will be visited in judgment. I made the remark at this meeting, that if people reject God they will die and go to hell and God will visit this place in judgment. I went there again this summer, and I was in a home taking dinner with a family, and I saw the picture of a young man and young lady on the wall, and I said, "Who is that?" And the mother said, "That is my daughter and her

sweetheart. He was killed the last Thursday in the year." That young man was in that meeting; the Spirit strove with him, but he said "No" to God. He was in a coal mine and something broke and he was thrown up against the coal overhead, and the top of his head was taken right off, and the blood of the brain spattered the coal overhead. That was Thursday; the coming Sunday he was to have been married. That young man said no to God's mercy and God followed that mercy with judgment. Oh, there is a hell, and you do not know when you are going there. You do not know who is going there? Oh, yes; all the "fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." Yes, and everybody who says "No" to the Holy Ghost. Everybody who refuses to walk in the light. Tonight if God should take us we would be just what we are here. If we are unsaved now, unsaved then. Asking God to save you on your deathbed is no more effective than getting down on your knees at night and asking God to forgive you for the sins of the day. God help us!

We do not only know there is a hell and know

what people are going there, but we know what they are doing in hell. My grandson, Brucy, was taken to a hospital, where he could have the best of attention during his illness. There was an operation going on, and he said, "Shut that door! Shut that door!" "What is it?" "Oh, I cannot stand it!" "What?" "The groaning, the groaning." Could not stand the groaning in the next room. By Sunday every room is filled, and beyond the partition was a woman dying and, oh, the agony! Brucy said, "What is that?" "That is a woman dying out there. We have no room for her." But the next morning that sound was not heard any more, and he said, "Where is the woman?" and they said, "She is dead." Say, we know what they are doing in hell; they are groaning and crying and biting their lips, and it is eternal despair; it is eternal darkness. They are cursing each other there, cursing preachers who did not preach straight, cursing the Holy Ghost, cursing themselves, condemning their own selves, condemning each other. You know what they are doing in hell, and they are doing it all the time, and they are getting worse and worse the longer they are there, and when they have been there ten thousand years they cry out, "How long? How long?" And the answer will

come back, "Forever, forever, forever!" Men live thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety years, and fall away and die, and then have all eternity to call themselves fools.

Do you know tonight that God saves you? Do you hear from heaven? Do you have the witness of the Spirit that you are a child of God? Oh, I get a great deal of encouragement from the devil! When I used to go to church, people would get up and say, "Well, I have had such a battle since last Sunday!" And I would say, "Glory to God!" Amen! I know that just so long as I have a battle on hand, there is a victory ahead. Oh, sometimes I go into a meeting and get down to pray, and it seems that every devil is around wanting to get the victory of that meeting, and I begin to shout to myself and say, "There is a victory coming and the devil knows it." Are you having a hard time, as you call it? Oh, do not call it that. The yoke is easy and the burden is light, and if you are a good soldier you will enjoy the fight. Mary Story went to Brother Knapp and said, "Why is it I have such battles?" He said, "Mary Story, have not I heard you pray for God to make you a warrior?" She said, "Yes." "Well, amen! then you must have battles."

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." I was once in a meeting and there was a woman praying and I thought she was going through, and down went her head, and I said, "She struck something," and up went her head, and I said, "She is going through," and then it went down again, and I said, "Well, she has struck something." At the close of the meeting she came up to me and said, "Brother Kulp, I want to ask you a question." And she said, "If a woman has sinned against her husband, does she have to confess it?" I said, "I leave that with you and God. " She came up the next night and said, "Brother Kulp, I confessed to my husband." And after she did this she was not long getting saved. If we do the best we know how, we have fellowship one with another and the blood of Jesus Christ, His son, cleanseth us from all sin. I was preaching up at Asheville, Ky., a short time ago, and a woman said, "Can I see you in the morning?" I said, "Yes." "What time?" I said, "Nine o'clock." But she came at 8:30. When I went in she said, "Brother Kulp, you knocked out all my victory last night." I asked her what was the matter and she told me. I gave her some advice and I wish you could

have seen her when she came to that altar that night. She got through, and she walked around there and waved her handkerchief and bobbed her head beautifully. Say—she was glad her victory was knocked out.

The last time I saw Ed Ferguson he stood up and said, "I am ready for heaven in a moment's notice." In that congregation were scoffers, and they said, "Did you hear what Ed Ferguson said? Said he was ready for heaven in a moment's notice." That man had the experience and he went to heaven in a few months after that—without much notice. God Almighty says to you tonight, "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

VI

PRACTICAL REGENERATION

"He that committeth sin is of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin" (1 John 3:8, 9).

This text is the definition of a real, sky-blue Gospel conversion. It does not say if you are sanctified you will not commit sin, but if you are really and truly converted you have gone out of the sinning business. There are two terms used in the Gospels by our Lord Himself, and they are synonymous; that is, you can use either of them in the place of the other in a sentence and you will not destroy the sense. In Matthew, the 18th chapter, you will find that Jesus says, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." And in the third chapter of John, he says, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." We are told if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. A person must be born again, converted, become a new creature in

Christ Jesus, before he can be a candidate for Pentecost. In other words, there must be a birth before there can be a baptism—one must become a child before he can be an heir. We cannot live in the Spirit unless we are born of the Spirit. They that are after the Spirit, mind the things of the Spirit. These truths, it seems to me, are axiomatic—so self-evident they require no argument. One of these texts gives us the signs, the unmistakable fruits of the fact we are born again. Read it—read them both. Doth not commit sin. He that committeth sin is of the devil. The Book teaches everywhere that whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin. To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants *ye are*. It is not what people say, nor whether we belong to the church; it is, What does God's Word say? Not what the preacher thinks of us, but what does the Spirit testify to. When we are really converted the old disposition is gone, the old habits are gone, the old language is gone; we are *new* creatures, gone out of the sinning business, not only when you are converted, but you had to get out *before* God would save you. No one can pray in faith who holds on to some sin. Do not tell me that you sin every day. God says he that is converted

doth *not* commit sin. And he that committeth sin *is* of the devil. As many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God. If any man has not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His. No one can get located so easily if in any doubt about their relation to Him. Just sit down all alone with your Bible, and then hear what God has to say to you through the Word. Any impression that does not agree with the Word of God is of the devil. Any emotion that does not have the approval of the Word is not of God. *You cannot go by your emotions.* The Spirit and the Word agree. *You never knew of a sinning Christian.* I never saw one yet. The very moment a man sins he becomes a sinner, and needs to repent and fly at once to the blood. Repenting is the work of a man who has sinned. Did you ever know an honest thief? Did you ever see a sober drunkard? Did you ever know a truthful liar? You can find all three as soon as you can find a sinning Christian. He that is born of God doth not commit sin. Whosoever committeth sin is of the devil. You do not like this kind of preaching? Of course you do not, but that does not alter the truth, and I did not make this truth. It was God's own truth before

you and I were born, and what is true once is always true.

Conversion is a wonderful change. Read the Word and see what the Holy Ghost has to say about it. It is a passing from death to life; it is a new creature; it is passing from darkness to light; it is being taken out of the pit and having one's feet on the Rock; it is having the heart of flesh instead of a heart of stone; it is being risen with Christ. It is such a wonderful change that everybody knows when and where it took place. I used to preach in my earlier ministry, "If you do not know the very time and the very spot when and where you were converted, then you never were converted. One day a lady and my wife and I were riding along the road when she said, "Brother Kulp, you do annoy me by your preaching." And I asked her, "How do I annoy you?" She said, "You preach that if you do not know when and where you were converted, you never were converted, and I do not know a time that I did not love Jesus." I had no reason to doubt her word. She lived a consistent Christian life and died in the faith; but I still insist upon it, that nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine out every million know when and where they were con-

verted. I can take the devil to the very spot and know the very minute when God came to my soul; and all my sins were forgiven and I had the witness of the Spirit that I was converted, born again, became a new creature in Christ Jesus. I have never doubted it.

"He doth not commit sin." Well, let us ask, What is Sin? And you answer, "Any transgression of the law of God." Yes, that is Bible and we all agree to that, and any transgression of the law of God requires the blood. Sins of ignorance require the blood. But are we willing now to take all the Scripture definitions of sin? Let us examine, for we want to be right. Here is one, "*Whatsoever is not of faith IS SIN.*" Is that right? Of course it is right. It has the stamp and seal of the Holy Ghost. Then, it is wrong for me to do a thing of which I have any doubt. In other words, doubtful things are wrong—are sinful. "Whosoever doubteth is condemned if he eat" will apply all the way along. I knew an old man who came to the altar, who had for years been making a profession, and he was a good man, living in a community where chewing tobacco among the members of the church was nearly as common as eating bread; and I knew if I could get a doubt in that man's

mind in regard to tobacco, then it would be a sin for him to use it, and he would give it up. I told him it was "filthiness of the flesh," and all filthiness would have to be abandoned. He saw it and gave it up; for to him it was sin, the entrance of the Word gave light. "He that hath respect of persons committeth sin." God says so. I have thought this is for preachers especially. I have been told by members of the church where I have been in meetings, "If you could only get that man he would be such an addition to the church." What did they mean? Simply this—he had money, had influence and position in society. God cares no more for a millionaire than a tramp. All souls are precious in His sight. We dare not be respecters of persons. God says it is sin. I visited a dying woman one time, and as she told me her story, I pitied her from the bottom of my heart. She was one of the neglected ones. She told me, "Once I belonged to church. I lived in a little log house; the pastor went right by my house again and again, and went to the big house of Mr. ———, over on the hill. I was a poor woman, and I rebelled so against that treatment, I backslid." She had been neglected. That pastor—no, he was not a pastor, for a real pastor would not have done

it—was a respecter of persons, *and sinned*. God's Word for it.

He that is born of God—that is, he that is converted—is a partaker of the Divine nature. Godly means like God. Partaker of the Divine nature means godly. Not, he that is sanctified, but he that is born of God, partakes of the Spirit of God. If any man has not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His. I was visiting once with my wife, and called on a woman who, while in poverty knew God as very few know Him. When we entered she was eating dry bread and drinking water. I revolted at the sight and asked for permission to go and get her something. She was living in a room, all alone; had two boys well able to take care of her, but they had women of fashion for their wives, and not one of the wives wanted this old saint around. She said to me when I wanted to go and get something for her: "Oh, this is all I need; I have plenty." I sat there with my wife talking to her and the sentences that fell from her lips were like strings of pearls. We were talking about being like Jesus. My wife sat there weeping and said to this old saint, "I often wish I were more like Him." And then came the reply which I have told often to the comfort of many saints: "Child, if there

is any resemblance, *it shows we are in the family.*" Thank God for that. Partakers of the Divine nature. Sons and daughters of God.

"He that buildeth the things which once he destroyed transgresseth the law." Well, then, he sins, for all transgression of the law is sin. It means, if I ever quit a thing because it was morally wrong, then afterward went back to it, then I sinned. Is that right? Seems to me that God says so in this Word. Let us stick to the old Book. I was preaching down in Kentucky, in a grove, where there are a number of professors of holiness who raise tobacco, and I had not been there long before God gave me a message that uncovered the sin and stirred these native tobacco users and growers. One man under deep conviction threw away his pipe and tobacco, and some of the Saints! came to him and asked him, "Did you throw that away because Kulp told you to, or did God?" And soon he went back to his vomit, and sinned. I was at a meeting in Indiana, and there was a man at the altar who was much troubled; he was raising tobacco on shares with another man, and he came to me and asked me what he should do. I told him he could keep his word with the other man, but must get out of the business forever. Some of

this same crowd who were there went to him and said, "We have raised tobacco all our lives and it never hurt us." And they hindered that man in his quest after God.

God is love, and every one that loveth is born of God. If you are godly, you will *love*, and *love* the unlovely, for that is what He does. We cannot carry enmity in our hearts against anyone and keep right with God. We can love people we do not like. How can we? Let me tell you. We like people who are congenial. We love their company; we make friends of them; we esteem them highly. There are other folks who are not congenial. We do not like them, but we must *love* them and we do. They have souls; Jesus died for them. Perhaps *you* are not congenial to them, and they may not like you. But the Spirit of Jesus will not allow us to have anything in our hearts against them. I was at a prayer meeting one night where there was a woman who had been seeking God for two years, and she was willing to do anything that He asked—but one—and that was, forgive the man who killed her brother. He was insane, and became violently so. They had to send for officers to take him to the Insane Asylum. When they came one of them was afraid of him, and as he

was violent, he drew his revolver and shot him, and killed him. Every time that woman came to the altar God would ask her, "Will you forgive the man who killed your brother?" And every time in her heart she said "No," and went away unsaved. But this night, a rainy night—oh, it pays to go to meeting on rainy nights—God again asked her, "Will you forgive the man who killed your brother?" And she said, "O God, as I hope for forgiveness from Thee, I do now forgive the man who killed my brother." And she came through. I was preaching at a certain church and saw in the meeting a man who was under deep conviction. I went to him and urged him to be a Christian. He looked at me and said, "Must I forgive everybody in order to be a Christian?" And I said, "Yes, sir." "Then," said he, "I will never be one." I could sympathize with that man, if I dared. His mother was left a widow with small children, and in the hour of midnight a man got into the house and outraged that mother, and now this man, a stalwart-looking fellow, declared, "I will never be a Christian if I must forgive that fellow." Yet the Word tells us Jesus prayed, "Father forgive them," and Stephen prayed, "Lay not this sin to their charge." If we forgive not men their tres-

passes, neither will our heavenly Father forgive us our trespasses. Forgive as we hope to be forgiven.

God is *love*, and the Book declares, "Every one that loveth is born of God." When a soul is really converted it wants to do something for them who have despitefully used it. Major Baker, of Boston, told me one day that there was a certain man whom he positively did not like. But the next day after he met God he went down the street and he saw this man standing by the side of the curb alongside of a mule, and said he, "My heart so overflowed with love to that man that I actually loved the mule alongside of him." It was said of Fenelon, "If you want to get him to pray for you, just abuse him and he will be sure to do it." No wonder that a noted sinner came from his home saying, "If I stayed a half-hour longer with Fenelon I should be a Christian in spite of myself."

"Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world." Conversion makes one an overcomer. I know a little woman who had a hard time getting through to God. She was a "dresser," liked feathers and flowers and jewelry, and she was a long time saying yes to God. She was at the altar—you see I believe in an altar, an old-

fashioned mourners' bench—and came night after night; but one night she said “Yes” to God—a yes that covered all the things that He asked for. She stripped for the race. She took off her rings, her ribbons, all her fashions, and in twenty-four hours after she was converted the Lord sanctified her in five minutes. She said she had so much to do to get converted that she had no trouble getting sanctified. She was an overcomer from the beginning. I was in the habit of going to church with my parents when I was a boy, and I always sat with my father. I was not allowed to sit in the back part of the church and misbehave, while my father prayed and sang and shouted up front. They were in a protracted meeting and it was protracted through several weeks, souls being at the altar and praying through. But there was one woman who came night after night, and never seemed to get anywhere. I was always walking with my parents when I went home after the meeting was out at night, and they would stop at the various corners and talk awhile, and say goodbye, and so one night they were discussing this woman who did not get through, and finally one old saint, Aunt Kitty Crumley, said, “Well, she will get through when she takes off that big cameo breastpin.”

Of course I was all ears just then, and when I went to church after that I was "all eyes." I wanted to see her "get through," and as I did not know what getting through meant, I was quite certain I would learn when she took off the breastpin, for I could see and know that. So I watched her every night, and one night up went her hands and off came the pin, and she went through. Oh, yes, there is something in it. He that is converted overcometh the *world*. All its fashions, all its customs, all its laws, and are free from sin. Sometime ago a beautiful young lady came to me dressed in the garb that becometh holiness and the house of God, and said, "I want to give you this," and she handed me a string of real pearls—not the Woolworth kind, but the real things. I gave them to the Bible School to be sold for the Rescue work, or Missions—just as the Lord led.

All unrighteousness is sin. Is this so? God says so in the Word. Well, now, take this truth, will you. It is a most unrighteous thing to owe a man a dollar when you have a dollar in your pocket with which you might pay him. *That dollar is not yours.* There has been reproach brought on the church because some folks are so loose about paying their debts. I was one time

enlarging a church, and asking folks for money. I went to the grocer, supposing that as the church was so near his property that he would consider the improvement and give me a donation. When I asked him he said, "Yes, I will give you the bills I have against the members." To him who knoweth to do good, pay his debts, and doeth it not, to him it is sin. If you are not able to pay, go see your creditor—do not dodge around the corner; tell him you are embarrassed, and that you will pay as soon as you have an opportunity. If you want people to believe in you, you must show them the goods. By their fruits ye shall know them. John Finch, of Nebraska, said one time, "Every neighborhood ought to have a revival once a year for the sake of the storekeepers." I was in a meeting a few weeks ago and a man and wife agreed to sell their home, and then go back to the old community where they once lived, and pay up all they owed. There will be a surprise when that saved couple go around to see the old creditors and shout while they pay up the old bills. I am believing the merchants will be willing to invest in that kind of an experience, and will believe in the salvation of a man who sells his home that he may pay his old debts. That man and wife can sing now, "It is real,

yes, it is real, thank God, I *know* it is real." A man came to me sometime ago and holding up a piece of paper he said, "Do you see that?" Of course I saw it, and asked what it was. And he said, "That is a receipt from the Grand Trunk R. R. I rode on the bumpers sometime before I was converted, and the thing troubled me, so I wrote to the R. R. Co., and asked them what the fare was from Battle Creek to South Bend. And when I found out I wrote them, sent them the money and told them of the circumstance. They thanked me and sent this receipt." I am thinking just now that the R. R. Cos. would all be glad for a revival all over the land. Real righteousness settles up whenever it can, and all unrighteousness is *sin*.

He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself. He knows *whom* he hath believed, and knows he is saved from sin. Read it carefully. He was manifested to take away our sins. He shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins. Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. By the grace of God Jesus Christ tasted death for every man. The

grace of God which bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying all ungodliness, we should live soberly, righteously and godly, in this present world, looking for the gracious appearing of the great God, our Savior Jesus Christ, who loved us and gave Himself for us that He might purify unto Himself a peculiar people. Get it! Did you? *In this present world* and now, He wants some folks who will illustrate by godly living His power to save unto the uttermost. A man who was seeking earnestly said to a worker, "Give me a promise that I may grasp it." One was quoted and he said, "That is what I want." He believed it and God saved him for Jesus' sake. Believe it, and live it, and *you* have hastened the coming of our Lord.

VII

"HAVING NO HOPE"

"Having no hope" (Eph. 2:12).

There only two classes of people in this audience—the righteous and the wicked; the saved and the unsaved; the converted and the unconverted. We find the two classes in the church. You will find them in our campmeetings. You will find them in our Conventions. To which class do you belong? The converted, or the unconverted? The saved, or the unsaved? The righteous, or the wicked? You belong to one or the other. Do you remember when you were converted? Do you know where you were converted? Are you living the life of a righteous man? Are you living the life of a saved woman? I am not talking to you about your membership in the church; I am not talking about the years gone by, when you put your name upon a church record. Are you saved tonight? Have you a family altar in your home? Have you a place of secret prayer? Are you in the habit of feed-

ing your soul on the Word of God? It is a very easy matter to get located here. The Holy Spirit is absolutely faithful. God is true. The Word of God is the sword of the Spirit. Where do you belong tonight? If before I get through preaching, if before the midnight hour should strike, you were to be called into eternity with your present experience, where would you land? What would be your eternal destiny? Listen! For the saved, for the righteous, for the new creature in Christ Jesus—an eternal Heaven; for the unsaved, in the church and out—an eternal Hell.

Listen to this! My Bible declares positively that the state of the wicked is one of appalling horror. No hope! "Having no hope," and I think just now somebody is saying, "Ah, preacher, that does not mean me; I hope to go to heaven." I want to ask you, "Are you saved?" If you are unsaved you have no hope. Any man who is not in Christ Jesus, and Christ Jesus in him, has no hope. I know what you mean, you mean you have a desire. There is a vast difference between a desire and a hope, and I believe that old Bible; I believe it from Genesis to Revelation; I believe every line that there is in it. I believe the Scriptures are profitable for instruction of the saved, and the unsaved, and that Bible

declares most emphatically in my text, that the sinner has no hope.

What hope has an unrepentant man? Can you tell me? What have you that is lasting? What have you that is permanent? What have you that is inspiring? Nothing, nothing whatever. Have you wealth? You cannot take it with you. Have you acres? You cannot take them with you. Have you reputation? You cannot take it with you. The only thing that a man can take with him into eternity is his character—just what God and your wife know you to be. Beloved, the unsaved man, the unsaved woman in this congregation, has no hope in this life. Decay is written on everything. The pulse is beating funeral marches to the grave; the heart, seventy heartbeats a minute toward eternity—without any hope, without any Christ, without any salvation, going forward to eternal damnation—not because Christ did not die, not because it is not true that by the grace of God Jesus Christ tasted death for every man, but because every unsaved man, every unsaved woman in this congregation is going forward to eternity, tramp! tramp! tramp! over the crucified body of the Son of God, over a mother's prayers, over the pleadings of the Holy Ghost, over the prayers

of Jesus Christ—going forward to a devil's hell, not because salvation has not been provided, but because "*ye would not.*" And the man who resists and grieves the Holy Ghost, the man who crucifies the Son of God afresh, the man who rejects the truth of God, the man who sits in the pew and steels and hardens his heart against the Word of God and holds it aloof from him, and says, "I will not," that man lives without hope, is without hope in this life, and—listen to this!—is without hope in the life to come. An eternal existence, and nothing to sweeten it! The life in the world, now a thing of the past—the soul in eternity to live forever! Exist forever! Think forever! Remember forever! And nothing in all that eternal existence to sweeten one moment of that eternity. "*Son, remember!*" Remember what? Back there you had the Word of God. Back there you had the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament. Back there you had gracious providences. Back there you had the Spirit of God striving with you.

Remember! Here is a young man who came to Jesus, but now he is lost, and in hell he lifted up his eyes, and he begins to think of his past. Nothing in all that past to sweeten that existence. "I went to Jesus; I believed Him to be

the Son of God; I believed He could answer the query of my soul, satisfy my hunger—I went to Him and said, ‘Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?’ And He made known to me the conditions. He said, ‘Go, and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come, follow me, and thou shalt have treasures in heaven.’ Yes, I remember, but I said, ‘No.’ I looked at my possessions, the things of this life, my position, and I said, ‘No,’ and I damned my own soul.”

Here is another soul in eternity; once had houses; once had farms; once had barns; once had acres; once was rich; the earth was bringing forth plentifully. Listen to him in eternity: “I look back there, and I said to my soul: ‘Soul, take thine ease; thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink, and be merry.’ God said, ‘Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee.’ The goods are back there in a barn, but my soul is poverty stricken. I am lost, and I am lost forever. I was a fool in time, and I will be a fool for all eternity.”

Oh, the awful thought—without hope in *this life*, and without hope in *eternity*! To go from a campmeeting like this, to go from a home where you had a mother’s prayers, where you had a

father's prayers, where you had a family altar. Somebody preaching on this platform since this campmeeting began, said they had a good, old-fashioned Methodist home. That is the kind I had. I never knew a time in my father's house when they did not pray; I never knew a time they did not have a family altar. There never was a time that this boy could not go home and go to the foot of the stairs and hear somebody upstairs praying. Thank God for my father's prayers! Thank God for my father's life! The preacher in whose meetings I went to the altar thought it was his sermon that moved me; he thought I was one of his converts. No, sir; the thing that won me for God was my father's prayers. God answered my father's prayers. But think of it!—a young man can live in a home where there is a praying father, where there is a praying mother, can listen to the truth of God, can pass that truth by, can be convicted by the Spirit and resist those convictions, can come to a meeting like this and get Gospel truth, backed by the Holy Ghost, and still resist, then lie down and die and wake up in eternity lost forever, no hope here, no hope in the dying hour; and you wake up in eternity, and look back and think, "Father prayed for me. Mother prayed for me. I was surrounded by

Gospel influences. I knew the old Bible was true—father and mother lived it. Christ died for me. I was under conviction again and again. The Spirit of God pled with me. But I am lost.” No hope in this life, and no hope in the future. Nothing in the past, nothing in the present, nothing in the future. What is it? Everlasting torment.

See that man die. He has no hope. He is coming down to a deathbed. Come, let us go, let us stand alongside of him. If you would stand alongside of as many deathbeds as this preacher has stood by, you would believe when you saw the dying sinner and heard him pray, that there was a need of salvation now. Wait a moment! You say, “Oh, yes; I had some friends who died unsaved, and they never said a word. They died quietly; they manifested no fear.” Do you know the reason why? Because the doctor drugged them before they died. If the doctors did not drug the dying sinner, you could not stay in their room. They would scream, they would yell, they would beg, they would pray. A man one time—he and I were friends together, had been soldiers, knew each other well—told me about his wife dying. He said, “George, Lou died so beautifully. She never said a word, had

no fear whatever." She died a sinner, she died drugged and without hope. No hope in this life, no hope in eternity! I do not wonder that preacher this morning got down over this altar, got down on his knees, and said, "I am not clear, and I want to be satisfied." It is an awful thing to live unsatisfied. Ah! you may be in the church, you may be baptized, you may have partaken of the sacrament, you may have your name on the church record, you may die and some preacher stand up and tell what an exemplary church member you have been, but unless you have been born of the Spirit, unless you have an increasing experience—the path of the just shineth brighter and brighter—unless you have more salvation tonight than you have had in all your life, to die in your condition would be to go to hell. There is no hope for the unrepentant sinner. Oh, the old Bible says so; I am sticking to the Book. "Having no hope, and without God." A Christless life; a Christless deathbed; a Christless shroud; a Christless casket; Christless at the bar of God; Christless throughout eternity. "Having no hope." Went by the family altar. Went by the old Bible. Went by a mother's prayers. Went by Sinai, as it rolled and thundered, and pealed, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Went by

Calvary, with its cross reeking, dripping with Divine blood. Went by it—what for? To go to hell because you loved sin better than you loved God. Say, beloved, just as sure as God is on the throne, just as sure as that old Book is true, every unsaved man, every unrepentant man in this congregation tonight is without hope. You have got to be separated from sin, you have got to give up sin. You live in the church, you have your name on the church record, going along just as hopeless as the unrepentant sinner outside; for there is no difference between an unrepentant sinner in the church and one outside.

Listen to this. I was riding in the cars; I think it was up at Ashland, and I read a notice of an Insurance Company. It went like this: "If people today could read the death notices in the paper week after next, they would take out life insurance." Oh, if some men and women in this congregation could read the death notices three months hence—six months hence—you would run to this altar. Listen! Death is on your track. The seeds of death are already sown in your frame. You are staggering toward eternity under a weight of sin that would sink you throughout eternal ages, ever down and down and down,

the darkness growing darker and darker throughout eternity. Because provision was not made? No! No! No! Christ "by the grace of God tasted death for every man." Every sinner is invited. "Whosoever will, let him come." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." You say, "Yes, Preacher, I know that." Yes, you know it, and you are trampling it under your feet, trampling on the promise of God that you might be partaker of the Divine nature, and you are going forward to a devil's hell—not because you may not be saved, but because you will not yield yourself unto God. The sin of the men and women in this congregation is not your drunkenness; it is not your thieving; it is not your lying; it is not murdering your unborn children, or running around with neck and shoulders bare, exciting the lust of men in street cars; but listen to this: Your sin is rejection of Jesus Christ; *it is unbelief*. "The Spirit, when He is come, shall convince the world of sin, because they *believe not* on me." If you believed God's Word you would be at this altar. "Having no hope." The unrepentant sinner has no hope.

Now, again. You are condemned already—you who are out of Christ. You say, "Oh, no;

we are not condemned until we get to the judgment." That is a lie of the devil. I believe the Bible. Listen to this: "If our hearts condemn us, God is greater than our hearts, and knoweth all things." *You are condemned already.* The only thing that keeps you out of hell is the mercy of God. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." That is God's Word.

Young man, you were here at this campmeeting last year. God has spared you. You are harder tonight than you were last year—farther away from God. You have been heaping up darkness and tribulation, and anguish against the day of wrath. Are you ready to accept of the conditions? Listen! "Without hope." Knell of eternal despair! I drove one day by a funeral into a graveyard. Just as soon as the hearse entered the yard, the sexton saw them coming, and he began to ring a bell. Oh, so dolefully did it ring out! It meant another person passed out of time into eternity. I have this thought. The deep, dark, doleful bells of damnation are ringing all the time. Hell is as jubilant as hell can be every time a sinner goes by Calvary. Every time a sinner, with feet speckled red with the

atonement blood of Jesus Christ, enters the confines of the damned, again the bells ring out, deep, doleful, dark, and the ravens of despair perched all over the rugged peaks of an eternal hell, cry out, "*No hope! No hope!*" Without hope back there upon earth, without hope on a deathbed, without hope in hell, and without hope forever. Write it on the sinner's coffin—"No hope!" Write it on his grave—"No hope!" Write it on his tombstone—"No hope!" Write it on the clouds of God Almighty's justice—"No hope!" Write it on the judgment bar of God—"No hope!" Then listen to the chorus of the voices ringing throughout the caverns of eternal damnation—it is one thing over and over again—"No hope! No hope! No hope! No hope! No hope!"

Oh, beloved, it is an awful thing to crucify the Son of God, it is an awful thing to grieve the Holy Ghost. I do not wonder, Brother Compton, you say, "Mind the Spirit." I do not wonder you say, "Mind God." So many people are not minding God. You are rejecting the truth, resisting the Spirit, you are cursing your own selves, wrapping your arms around the pillars of the temple and bringing it down upon your own head—and then an eternal hell, "hav-

ing no hope." Did you ever read the other part of the verse?—"and without God in the world." No hope in hell, no promise of relief, no ray of light, no gleam of a coming day, none whatever; increasing, intense darkness. No hope in hell forever, no expectation in hell, no change in hell, only for the worse; fires hotter, darkness more intense.

Last Wednesday, up in Battle Creek, I went through a cyclone. The wind had been blowing, with some little rain, and cold. The cloud came from the southeast, assumed a funnel shape, and started over toward Battle Creek; it began to roar, and four hundred thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed in just a few minutes. When it was over people came rushing out of the houses. Some houses were lifted off the foundations, others crushed down in the cellars. There were live wires, telegraph poles and trees in the street. But listen! It only lasted three minutes. A French woman came running up the street. She said, "One time somebody told me, 'If you never prayed before, go down and look at the ocean when it is angry, then you will pray; but,' she said, 'if you never prayed before, just get in a cyclone, and you will pray.'" My wife heard her, and said, "I began praying long ago, glory

to God, but I prayed through!" Listen! That dark cloud only lasted *three minutes*; but in hell the cyclone of God Almighty's wrath lasts throughout *eternity*—roaring, swirling, shrieking winds of hell, and the soul that rejected Jesus Christ, there under the wrath of the omnipotent God forever and ever. I am talking to dying men and women; I am talking to people who are making a profession of religion. You may have your names on the church record, but you have not an experimental knowledge of salvation. If you should die tonight, you would go to hell. The sinner *in* the church has no more hope than sinners *outside of it*. I am talking about unrepentant sinners. God help us to tell the truth. Do not resist it. Hug up close to the truth.

Listen! Darkness, misery, suffering—*forever!* Remorse. Abandoned of God. Here God even in the unrepentant sinner's pathway lets the sun shine on him, lets the rain fall on him, lets the ground bring forth for him, lets the stars shine for him, and the moon shed its pale, silvery light upon him, warns him by the example of godly people. He may hedge him in for a while by a mother's prayers; he is not yet abandoned of God. If the angels of God could weep, they

would look over the battlements of God and weep over that young man that is going to hell over the blood of Jesus Christ. But at last death comes, and the man is abandoned of God. What an awful thing! Without God in this world, and then abandoned of God throughout all eternity, and shut up with devils, and with whoremongers, and drunkards, and everything vile and unclean—not because God would not save you, but because you would not let Him save you. “God hath not appointed us unto wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

One time a boy nineteen years of age, died in a penitentiary, and the chaplain went to him and said, “Young man, where do your folks live? Mother living?” “Yes, sir.” “Does your mother know where you are?” “No, sir; but, chaplain, when I am gone, I would like her to know I am dead, but don’t tell her *where* I died. Don’t tell mother where I died.” He died in the penitentiary and did not want mother to know. Think of it! Not that mother who went down to death’s door for you, not that mother who watched over your early years when your tottling footsteps would have taken you into danger—not that mother, but the Christ that left the glory that He had with the Father, the Christ before

whom angels bow, and cry, "Holy, holy, holy art Thou," the Christ that took upon Himself our nature, came down to this old earth and made the land holy because He went there, went up to Calvary and suffered and died on the cross, then down into the grave, and snatched the scepter from the cruel monster, and went up from Mount Olivet and sits on the Mediatorial Throne, and is praying for you—that Christ knows your sinful rejection, knows your rebellion, knows you are the author of your own damnation; and that Christ tonight puts this camp-meeting, these sermons, across your pathway in order that you may be saved. Brother, do not preach to me, "It is a solemn thing to die." God bless you! it is a solemn thing to *live*! To live lightly, triflingly, frivolously, carelessly, saying, "No," to God, rejecting the truth of God, grieving the Holy Spirit; God tugging at your heart-strings, putting you under conviction, surrounding you with the prayers of loved ones, giving you Gospel sermons, giving you altar call upon altar call, and yet to go into eternity saying "No" to God. *No hope!* The unrepentant sinner has no hope. Here is the Word of God for it. "Having no hope, and without God in the world." A

reign of despair; despair in the midst of awful surroundings.

I read the other day about the men in the trenches. It said the British and the French were in the trenches, and for three days they were pouring fire on the trenches of the Germans. For one whole year they had been building mines, and then for three days they threw a curtain of fire, shell after shell, on the trenches of the Germans. At the battle of Gettysburg both sides only threw thirty-three thousand shells in three days, but over there they threw thirty-three thousand shells in three minutes, always throwing on the trenches of the enemies, and men come out from those trenches insane; they lost their reason under that awful fire. But listen! That only lasted three days, but the curtain of fire in hell lasts through eternity. "The smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and forever!" Who says so? God Almighty. Eternal remorse! Eternal suffering!

There is a man in our city whose wife was dying of a cancer. She was crying, "Husband, if you love me, kill me! If you love me, kill me! I am suffering. I am going to die anyhow; it is only a question of a few weeks—husband, if you love me, kill me." That husband went to the

doctor. He said, "Doctor, will my wife die?" "Surely, sir." "Doctor, how long?" "Well maybe two weeks. She may die in a week." "Well, doctor, she is crying, 'Kill me,' she is appealing to me, she is saying, 'If you love me, put me out of my misery.' Doctor, I want you to come over and give her a drug that will put her to sleep forever." The doctor said, "Do you mean it?" He said, "If you do not do it, I will kill her myself and put her out of her misery." And that doctor went over and gave her the drug and said, "In two hours she will be beyond pain." Listen to this. When the sinner in hell, with all of his awful suffering, seeks death, death flees from him. There is no morphine in hell. You cannot commit suicide in hell. It is an awful thing to die without Christ, having no hope, rejecting Jesus and going to hell over the crucified Son of God, and that is what every unsaved sinner here tonight is doing. Remorse! Separation! Darkness! Dying! Forever and forever!

I lived in the city of Philadelphia when I was a boy. Up at Haddington they had a cancer hospital, and men would come out of there with their jaws tied up—cancer doing its work; with an eye tied up—cancer doing its work; with their body swathed. Listen! They were hopeless. There

was no hope. On their countenances was written, "No hope, no hope." Just a little while, and then death. On the countenances of the lost in hell is written in black letters of despair, "No hope; no hope!" On the walls of hell the only mottoes they have read, "No hope; no hope!" The fiery billows of an eternal hell that wrap themselves around the naked soul of an impenitent sinner, they roar, "No hope!" and the wail of the damned, as they gnash their teeth and bite their lips, and chew their tongues, and curse the people that told them the truth, and the people that did not live right before them, their one cry is, "No hope; no hope!" Brother, what are you going to do? I repeat what Brother Compton said, "*Mind God.*" "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

I was out in Idaho, and I preached one night to a very attentive congregation, and about the first or second night of the meeting a great big stalwart fellow sat in the seats and listened to me—the leading man of the community—as fine a specimen of humanity, physically, as I ever saw in all my life. I gave my altar call, and this great

big fellow came up and put his foot upon a chair and said, "I want to say something to you. Do you think there is any hope for me?" I said, "Yes, there is hope for you." He said, "You don't know what a sinner I have been"—and he had been a sinner; was a man of means, a gambler and a drunkard, but he wanted God, and he said, "You don't know what a sinner I have been." I told him how Jesus could save to the uttermost, told him to get down, and I got down and prayed for him, and that fellow came through. Listen to this; I want to tell you to-night, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Is there any hope? *Yes*, for a repentant sinner. *Yes*, for the man that will forsake sin. *Yes*, for the man that will mind God tonight, there is hope. Calvary appeals, Pentecost appeals, the passing funeral procession appeals, the tornadoes and the cyclones and the wars in Europe all appeal. Death is on our track. It will not be much longer till some of us will enter eternity. Have you got right with God? Have you availed yourself of the blood of Jesus

Christ? Oh, it is an awful thing. "Having no hope, and without God." But tonight God says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Now, twelve minutes of nine. How many of you people are ready for heaven in two minutes? Oh, I was so glad in that cyclone I was saved. When the thing went by I said, "Come on," to my mother and wife; "we'll have a prayermeeting," and we got down on our knees right off and had a prayermeeting and thanked God for taking care of us. Oh, it is a blessed thing to know you are saved. Do you know it? Are you ready for heaven on a moment's notice? Have you been converted? Have you the witness of the Spirit? Do you know that you are a new creature in Christ Jesus? Are your sins under the blood? Are you indwelt tonight by the Holy Ghost? There is no hope without Jesus Christ.

"Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all atonement made,
For all a ransom Thou hast paid."

But, brother, you must accept of Jesus Christ as your Savior. Without that you have no hope, and tomorrow is eternity.

VIII

PURITY AND POWER

"Let thy garments be always white and let thy head lack no ointment" (Eccles. 9:8).

Power is lacking in the church today because it has forgotten, or overlooked, or neglected the words of the Book, "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate and I will be your God and ye shall be my people." "If any man will be my disciple let him take up his cross daily and follow me." We are called to separation, and God's people from the time He called out Abram from the land of the Chaldeans down to the present time are a called-out people. The word *Hebrew* means, "the man from the other side." I doubt not this was given to Abram by the folks who knew he had come out. Worldliness today is paralyzing the efforts of the church, and the church is acknowledging it by the desperate efforts it is making to find a substitute for the ways of God. Purity and power are the heritage of the church, and the great lack of the church

today. The church is seeking power while ignoring the command, "Be ye holy." Where there is purity, there is power. The Holy Spirit in His fullness comes only to a clean heart. No one can be a temple of the Holy Spirit who has not been made pure through the blood of Jesus. I have seen men down at the altar and going to them I have inquired, "What are you seeking? And the answer has been, "I am seeking power." One can seek power until the day of doom, and never get it. Power must not be the object. Jesus said, "Ye shall receive power, *the Holy Ghost coming upon you.*" First, *purity*, then *power*. While the church and the world are yoked up together there is not power to rise above the worldliness that is in the church. The lunch room in the church has taken the place of the class room; the *supper* room has taken the place of the "*upper* room." More people can be gotten out to a church social than to a prayer meeting, and all because there is an effort to please the world, and in so doing the truth of God is ignored. I know of two churches where the church and the moving picture show were yoked up together, and the young people of the League were out on the streets selling tickets for the movie, and the proceeds were divided between the show and the church.

Can anyone dare to go to God in prayer and ask His blessing on such an arrangement?

Purity first, then *power*. These are inseparable. Jesus prayed, "Father, I pray not that thou wilt take them out of the world, but that thou wilt keep them from the evil that is in the world." Purity means separation, and separation means power with God and man. I have known preachers and laymen who were prominent in Lodge circles, but I never knew one of them that was active as a soul winner. No one can go through an ante-room where men are smoking and playing cards and telling smutty stories, one night, and the next night go to a prayer meeting or a preaching service and have any power with God. Come ye out—and it is the only come-out-ism that I know of that the Word calls for.

The church in its earlier days was first pure, poor and persecuted. John Wesley dreaded the day when the church would get rich. George Fox dreaded the time when the church would have steepled houses. Today we have both, and if Wesley and Fox were to come back to earth today, it is a question to be considered where could they go to worship. Persecutions spread the fire in Apostolic days—and in later days, too. In a city in England one day two men were ar-

rested for holding a meeting on the street. As the jail was crowded they could not put them in separate cells, so they were together. Of course they began to pray, and soon were singing like Paul and Silas of olden days, and then they began to shout and the Sheriff said, "Separate those two men." The order was obeyed and one of them was put in a cell with a half drunken man. He began to talk to the fellow about his soul, and soon he had him down on his knees praying. There was a new name written down in heaven, and then there were three of them shouting. The Sheriff happening to come back (I think that God kept him away till the seeker got through), said to the jailer, "Didn't I tell you to separate those fellows?" "I did," said the jailer. "Well," said the Sheriff, "separate them again." And back came the answer, "If you do they will all get it." Oh, yes; this thing is catching when you find the real thing. Jesus knew what He was talking about when He said, "Ye are my witnesses." The trouble is, we are not hot enough today to spread the fire or to invite the world's persecutions. It will come if we are true. "Marvel not if the world hate you. It hated me before it hated you." The servant is not above his Lord, and the world today hates

godliness. The carnal mind is enmity against God, not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. The church's business is to denounce sin. Jesus did it. The Apostles did it. The *world*, the flesh and the devil are the enemies of the church, to be opposed, not courted. The church might as well yoke up with the devil as with the world. I rejoice to see the Catholic Church in Paris and in France, through the voice of their Cardinal, announcing there will be no women allowed to enter the church who are not dressed "from the chin to the shin." Thank God for that. Why has not American Protestantism the grace and backbone to do the same thing? God knows it is needed. The average congregation today is as worldly in its dressing as the theater goers in the city theaters. Joseph Cook, of Boston, once said in one of his lectures, "The church that has the grace and courage to take the whip of cords and drive the money changers out of the temple will take America for Christ when it has two hundred people to the square mile." But where is the church that will do it? When the architect of the church building draws his plans for the church today, he always makes provision for the kitchen, and he does it because he knows the church demands it.

But let us get down a little closer. The church is made up of units. The individual is the unit, and to him must come home the truth. God demands holiness of heart, and where there is holiness of life there will be *power*—with God and men. God deals with us as individuals. I have never yet seen the church in which all were ready for the call of God to revival work. I have been in the ministry forty-seven years, and in the pastorate thirty-four years and a half, but I have never been foolish enough to wait until the church was all right before I began revival work. Whatsoever any two of you shall agree upon touching any one thing, it shall be done for you. That means a revival anywhere this side of hell if two will agree. God wants it, the church needs it, and the only work of the ministry is to win souls for Christ—all other things must bend to this. “As the Father has sent me into the world, so have I sent you.” “The Son of man came to seek and to save the lost.” “Let him know that he which converteth a sinner from the error of his ways saveth a soul from death and hideth a multitude of sins.” “The Spirit and the Bride say come, *and let him that heareth say come.*” Oh, there is no evading it, the work of

the individual and the church is to win souls for Christ.

Heaven is pure, the saints are pure, their robes are clean, and God says without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Blessed are they that *do* His commandments, for they shall have a right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city. It will not do to say, "Well, there are so few that live up to it." There are some who have the blessing. "Abram walked before God," and had the divine commendation. Enoch walked with God. Noah and Job were perfect men. God says so in the Word. Zechariah and Elizabeth walked in all the ordinances of God blamelessly. The command is, "Be ye perfect," not in your head, but in your heart. Perfect in your motive, loving God with all the heart. God's commands are all enabling acts and the devil has never yet been able to get the enabling act stricken out. It is not what you profess that amounts to so much; it is the life you live. Let God see you live the Word, practice the Book, and He will take care of all the rest. *Show Him the life.* One time there was a woman who died, and before she passed away she said to her little daughter, only eight years old, "Daughter, your papa is poor and you will have to do the best you can.

Mamma has taught you how to work, and you must do all you can to keep the little family together." The little girl was a Christian, and did the best she could; she worked till the little hands were calloused and then at thirteen she laid down to die. The neighbors gathered around and with tearful eyes watched her slowly going down, and they heard her say, "I will be so ashamed when I see Jesus." One of them said, "Why, darling, will you be ashamed?" The reply came, "I will not know what to say to Him." And then a neighbor said, "Dear, you will not have to say anything; *just show Him your hands.*" Sure enough, those calloused hands would tell the story. So it is the life we must show, and one pure and clean life tells more than all the profession that one may make that is not backed up by the life. God made man *perfect*, and through the Word of God and the Blood of Jesus, and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, man is to be made so good and perfect that God can look down at him and be pleased with him. I know man has sinned. I know the power of evil, but I also know the power of grace to deliver and the power of the blood to cleanse from all sin. Do not leave God out of the problem. He can do and will do all we need and all He has promised, if we will

simply *let Him*. Get the text, Let thy garments. etc., Let thy head, etc. Just *let God* have his way, and He can make you what you ought to be.

Did you ever get the illustration that God gave an old holiness evangelist of long ago? The house of Israel, God's chosen people, had gone far astray, were given up to idolatry and sin, so much so that the prophet might well have thought it was a hopeless case. So God one day said to him, "Prophet, I want you to go down to the potter's house, stay with him a while, and I will come see you sometime and you may tell me what you see." And the prophet went down to the potter's house and saw him busily at work on a vessel, and it was indeed beautiful; he applied the wheel to it, he handled it as one who loved his work, and when he saw it was finished he put it up on the mantel and gazed at it as one who was conscious of having done a good work. Then to the astonishment of the old prophet, he went to the refuse heap, and he picked up a vessel that was very much marred, and he handled it so very carefully as though he actually loved it. He placed it on the wheel and pressed it so gently to it, and the prophet watched it to see what would be the outcome; and after a while he took

that vessel that was so marred and which had been on the refuse heap and he seemed pleased with it, and he put it on the mantel and lo, it was as beautiful in the potter's eyes as the other. In a little while the Lord came to see the prophet, gave him a call and said, "Prophet, did you go down to the potter's house as I told you?" "Yes, Lord, I did." "Well, what did you see there?" And the prophet began and said, "Why, Lord, when I went there he was working on a beautiful vessel and I watched him carefully; he handled it so easily and carefully, and it was a joy to watch him; and when he completed it he placed it upon the mantel and then stood and admired it, and Lord, so did I. But what astonished me the most, Lord, was this: the potter went to the *refuse* heap and picked up a broken and *marred* vessel, and he handled it with such care and so lovingly, and he placed it on the wheel and manipulated it, and worked so long with it, and seemed so anxious to make something of it. After a while he took it and placed it up alongside of the other one and Lord, it *was beautiful*." The Lord said, "Prophet, if the potter can take a broken and marred vessel that was once on the rubbish heap, a castaway, cannot I?"

Yes, thank God, He can take broken, marred vessels, marred by sin, and make them all over. The Divine Potter can do it, can take the worst of cases and make new creatures out of them. He has done it, and He will do it every time He gets a chance. Some of us were not very far from the rubbish heap, but He took us and He bore with us and He made us over to be new creatures in Christ Jesus. He took a Saul of Tarsus and changed him into an apostle and a martyr. He took a wharf rat and river pirate like Jerry McAuley and made him all over, and he lived so close to God and did such a good work that when he died in New York City, he had the largest funeral the city had ever seen over any of its citizens. Judges and lawyers, preachers and laymen delighted to honor the man who was such a splendid sample of God's Divine handiwork. He had been on the rubbish pile, been a castaway, but God took him and made him all over. He took a Valentine Burke, and when he, an old jail bird, could not get a job because he had the marks of sin all over him and nobody wanted him around, he was so homely, when he got down and prayed, "O God, I have sinned so long I have become so homely that no one wants me around, or will hire me for any-

thing. Lord, please make me goodlooking." And the Divine Potter who had made him all right inside, did as good a job on the outside, and he was promoted till he was the most trusted and honored man in the Sheriff's office in St. Louis. I was one time in a meeting and a man rose up and at once made for the altar. As he went one who knew how wicked and crooked the fellow had been said, "If God does anything for that fellow he will have to make him all over." Well, thank God! that is just what He does, and what He proposes to do with each and every one who will come and *let Him* have His way. The joy bells of heaven rang as never before when it was announced that Manasseh, the most wicked king that ever sat on the throne, was saved, for there is *joy in heaven* over *one* sinner that repenteth.

God has made provision for cleansing away all sin. *Let* thy garments be always *white*. White, that means *purity*. There is a fountain opened unto the house of David for sin and uncleanness. Sin defiles, but the blood cleanses from all the defilement that sin has or can make. Never mind if people do throw mud at you, do not try to brush it off; you will only make it worse. If you are as hot as you ought to be it will dry quickly, and you can shake it off. He shall be

called *Jesus*, because He shall save His people from all their sins. Just *let Him* have His way with thee. Yonder I see a splendid steamer on the St. Lawrence; she is sweeping along majestically and all on board are having a good time; they are going to shoot the Rapids and the farther they get down the river the faster the vessel goes. I see the Captain go to the bow and shading his eyes with his hand I see him looking anxiously toward the shore. Soon a canoe shoots out into the middle of the stream, gets alongside the vessel, and is hauled up—canoe and all. The pilot takes his place at the wheel, and the Captain and the mate and the crew just all sit down and let that Indian pilot have his way. He is straight as a pine tree, has an eye like an eagle, muscles like steel, and they *let* him have his way, they abandon themselves to the pilot. Look at the vessel; she is sweeping along through the waters, nearing the Rapids, going faster and faster. But they are all unconcerned; all they have to do is *let* the pilot have his way, and he knows where the deep waters are, where the dangerous rocks are, and soon they are in peaceful waters, because they *let* him have his way. So with us. All we have to do is to get the *Pilot* on board, abandon all to him and just *let Him* have

His way, and we can rest knowing that in His hands all is well; and He cannot make any mistakes; He will bring us to the desired haven. I have heard folks pray, "O God, have thy way," and I have thought, "*Let Him have His way with thee*, and all will be well."

Let thy head lack no ointment. Anointing was for two parties—*Kings* and *Priests*, and under the Dispensation of the Holy Ghost in which we live, we all are *Kings* and *Priests*, and God will use us if we are kingly in his sight. There are anointings for service, and every time we go to battle we are in need of the anointing oil. Oil is a type of the Holy Spirit and we all admit "without Him we can do nothing." God says, "Tarry ye until ye—" and we are not ready to go out unless we are endued with power from on high. All the men God has signally used in the days gone by have been men who have tarried, waited before Him. Moody tells us distinctly of the time when he waited for the Holy Ghost. Finney, Purdy, Asbury, and all others who were great men for God in their time were men who had tarried at Jerusalem. If you want to be a soul winner, read the Acts of the Apostles, and see where their power came from. I had in my library a number of books written by men who

were soul winners, for all through my ministry I have known the only thing a man can do, the only way to fulfill one's ministry, is to win souls. But one day it came to me to read the Acts and find out for myself how these men became such soul winners. And I found it out. So may you if you really want to.

Priests were anointed for service, and so may you, *so must* you be, for as I said, in this Dispensation of the Holy Ghost, we are all *priests* unto God. It is the business of a priest to make intercession for others. Is there a greater need today for anything more than for men who will intercede, who will stay in their closets and pray for a lost world? Men and women who have the gift of the knees are wanted everywhere. Mr. Finney was accompanied by a man who would remain on his knees all the time that he would be preaching—just in prayer for God's blessing on the Word. Closet Christians are scarce, but are much needed. How it would encourage the heart of the preacher if he knew some of his people were travailing in prayer while he was in the pulpit. Oh, how the church has forgotten that if we would do business for God we must first do business with God. *First*, do business *with Him*. Let thy head lack no

ointment. God will empower you, *if* you will let Him do it. He will anoint you to pray if you really want to pray. And when the anointing comes, when the Spirit of intercession comes on you, then the answer will soon follow. Pay the price. Pray through, and know you have the answer. The Holy Ghost fell on all them that heard the Word. Claim it now, while I am preaching, while you are reading. Stay not out of your inheritance one moment longer. Heaven wants you to have it, earth knows you need it, your own soul cries out for God. Now is the accepted time, *now* is the day of *your salvation*. May God place on us all the spirit of earnest prayer.

IX

BE YE READY

"Prepare to meet thy God" (Amos 4:12).

I stood on the firing line, when I was a boy, just preparatory to going into battle on a charge, and Charley H——, who, if he is alive yet, lives in South Easton, Pa., stood alongside of me. We knew we were facing the enemy and facing death, and the only preparation that he thought of was this: He said to me, "George, if anything happens to me, you write my folks." That is the only thought he had about it. Inside of the next hour, during the progress of that battle, he might have been sent into eternity, but no thought of the future.

We are facing eternity. Death is at our elbow. Just the thickness of our ribs between us and an eternal heaven or an eternal hell, and God is doing His very best in order to get us in harmony with Himself. I have listened to these men preach; I have said to myself, "They are God's messengers; they have God's messages, but how many are heeding? How many are minding the

Holy Ghost? How many are in harmony with God? How many are ready to meet God on a moment's notice? How many have the witness of the Spirit, not only to their forgiveness, but to their cleansing? How many realize the sins of the past are under the blood? How many think for one moment that we are dealing with God?" And please remember this, we must do business *with* God before we can do business *for* God. One cannot work successfully for God unless one has the consciousness within oneself that oneself is right with God. Have you done business with God? Have you heard from heaven? Are you ready for whatever a day may bring forth? The Old Testament and the New unite: "Prepare to meet thy God." "Be ye also ready; in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." "To day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." Men grow harder in a campmeeting, or they get nearer to God. Resisting the truth brings hardness of heart. You must do business with God. You cannot put God out of your life. There may be jangling voices all around you, but above them all, through them all, in the Word, by the Holy Spirit, in the providences of God, you will hear my text—"Prepare!" Something more than singing; some-

thing more than church membership; something more than profession; something more than campmeeting; something more than a periodical spasm. "Prepare!" Somewhere down the road—one block—one mile—one month—one year—tomorrow, it may be, but somewhere in that immediate future we must do business with God, on conditions, or be lost eternally.

I was preaching down in Louisiana, was invited down there by a couple of ladies who were sanctified on these grounds a few years ago—was preaching in the courthouse, and some of the ladies came to me the next day and said, "Brother Kulp, the people don't like your proposition." I thought to myself, "Proposition—proposition—proposition?" And the Holy Ghost said to me, "What they don't like is God's *conditions*." That is the trouble with people now—they do not like to meet conditions. But you must, or be eternally damned, eternally lost. I should not wonder that while I am preaching, your life will come up before you. The Holy Ghost will give you a retrospective view of your life, and things you do not want to think of, things you do not like to think of, and things you would gladly hide, the Holy Ghost will bring them before you. You must do business with God, on God's terms,

on God's conditions. Preparation to meet God implies that very thing.

You take the Word and read it carefully, and find here that in the past men have had to deal with God. A world ignored Him, a race united in ignoring Him, but there came a time, not when the patience of God wore out, but there came a time when God was grieved as He looked at man in his sinfulness. And all the sins that they had in that day, all the sins before the Flood, all the sins that were in the cities of the plains, all the adulteries, all the licentiousness, all the bestiality, all the brutality that the carnal nature had before God sent the flood and wiped out a race, before He sent the fires on the cities of the plains, before He gathered the legions of Rome with their eagles, around the city of Jerusalem, *this world has today*, and sin is just as hateful as it was when God sent the flood and destroyed the antediluvians, or when He sent the fire and destroyed the cities of the plains. Sin is no joke. Sin is no dream. Sin is an awful, terrible reality. A man must meet it, and meet the consequences of it *at the day of judgment*. You try to put the messages away. Whenever you try to put a message of God away from you, God will not only

repeat it, but He will add more to it. I will prove it.

Jeremiah called for Baruch, and he said, "I want you to take it down carefully. I have a message from God for these people. Write it down carefully. Don't miss a word. Listen attentively." And Jeremiah repeated the message that God gave him, and Baruch wrote it down, word for word, and after a while he read it to the nobles of the king, and they said, "Where did you get it?" "Got it from Jeremiah." "Did you take it down from his lips?" "Yes." "Word for word?" "Yes." "Just exactly as he said it?" "Yes." "Well, it means destruction, it means death, it means danger for the king." And they went to the king, and the king said, "I would like to hear it." They sent for Baruch, and Jehudi borrowed from Baruch the message, and took it before the king, opened it and read it, and as he read it he took out his penknife and cut it off and threw it into the fire. Then he read further in the distasteful message. Say, listen! The message that is most distasteful to you, is the very message you need. I read an advertisement of a book the other day. Dr. Agan Beet, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, in England,

was the author of it. The title of the book was, "*The Last Things*," and in that book he makes this remark, that men today do not dare to preach on hell as John Wesley preached it, and he even went farther, and said in these days they do not even dare to preach as Spurgeon preached fifty years ago. Listen! On this campground we will preach anything God Almighty gives us. We have to preach the truth. Jesus Christ was praying and He said, "Father, sanctify them through Thy truth. Thy Word is truth." And you want the truth, and when you get it you will get the Word, and the Word says, "Prepare to meet thy God."

Jehudi took the message, but it was distasteful, and he cut it up, one piece after the other, and threw it into the fire, until the whole message was destroyed. And God said, "Jeremiah, get your stenographer." And he got his stenographer, and God gave him another message. Listen! He not only gave him the whole message, but he "*added thereunto many like words*." God will not only give you truth that is distasteful, but He will give you truth that will drive you into a corner, that will drive you to surrender, or where your will becomes so hardened you look

God in the face and defy the very providences of God and the Holy Ghost who applies the truth. I am not a popular preacher, and *I do not want to be*. Popularity is a nosegay in the buttonhole of a corpse. I am here to give you God Almighty's truth. According to that Word nations ignored the messages, and whenever they did, ruin and death followed. And every person in the sound of my voice, I do not care how loud you shout, nor how high you jump, nor what church you belong to, when you are not obedient to the messages that God sends you through the Word, and by the Holy Ghost, you will lose your soul eternally, and die in the church, and go to hell. That is God's truth. You do not like these sermons; you want to be patted on the back; you want bouquets. You want somebody with one of these sprayers to spray you with perfume, and then you want to go home and say, "Wasn't that a beautiful sermon?" Over in my room I got down on my knees and told God I wanted His message. What we want is God's thought for this hour.

Now, listen! God must be reckoned with. Oh, it will ring down through the corridor of your being, every truth you ever heard and rejected,

throughout the ages of eternity. Do not talk to me about growing old. Man never grows old. The mountains are old. No mountain today is as high as it was years ago. Corrosion is going on, they are going down, lowering. Man never grows old. He was made to live throughout the ages of God, and all down through the eternal ages there will ring through the corridor of your being the text of tonight—"Prepare to meet thy God." And if you fail to do it, it will be an eternal hell, midst eternal burnings, midst eternal damnation, because you were such a fool you trampled the blood of Jesus Christ under your feet, and went to hell, knowing you were doing it. You cannot sin and get away with it. Oh, men have tried to put God out of their lives. Listen to a fool. Jesus Christ tells us God said he was a fool. What did he do? Put God out. "*I will pull down my barns. I will build greater. I will bestow my goods in a barn. I will say to my soul, 'Soul, eat, drink, be merry. Thou hast much goods laid up for many years'*"—in a barn. Many Liberty bonds, many Victory bonds—so many acres of land—so much money in the bank—so much stock. But listen! "But God." Oh, there will come a time when God will step in.

There will come a time when God will be heard. There will come a time when God will show His hand. But God said, "Thou fool. This night shall thy soul be required of thee."

Oh, beloved, you must take God into account. "Is not this great Babylon that I built? These hanging gardens, these walls, a hundred feet high! These towers on these mighty walls! This river running through the city! Is not this great Babylon that I built?" But God—God stepped in, as Doctor Godbey told you the other morning. For seven years he went out and grazed with the cattle. "But God!"

Oh, I believe that God will put the sins of anyone under the blood. I believe the blood will cover them. But listen! It is an awful thing to have a polluted memory. A young girl was one time betrayed. Her innocence was gone—a mere child, and when the baby was born she left it under a hedge in the cold, cold weather, and came away and heard the wailing of that baby. Oh, the wailing of that baby! And it stayed there until it died. Godly women looked after her; godly women succored her; godly women helped her; godly women pointed her to Jesus, and she became a Christian and lived on through

years, but every once in a while she would tell her bosom friends, "Oh, I can still hear the wail of the baby in the hedge!"

Oh, listen! It will be an awful thing in eternity, when there are some spirits that come into your vision, and come before you, and look would-be-not mothers in the face, and say to them, "Oh, if it had not been for you I might have had a body, I might have lived in that body. I might have glorified God. I might have won souls. But you deprived me of my body." It will be an awful thing to meet those spirits in the other world that you deprived of a body by murdering them before they were born. Oh, it means something to prepare. It means something to get right with God. It means the forsaking of sin. It means the abandonment of and confession of sins. It means getting down on your marrow bones and staying there before God until God searches you through and through. Preparation means forsaking. Preparation means restitution. Preparation means restoration. Preparation means all of that before you can believe God for salvation. Brother Slater said he read in a book that an evangelist went around and each year counted the same folks

some other evangelist counted the year before. You know why? Because of lack of straight Gospel preaching. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation today wherever it is preached and believed; and the great trouble is, there is not faithful dealing with souls down here at the altar. It is a good thing to leave a soul to the Holy Ghost. He will deal with it, and He will deal faithfully. He did with me. I did not have anybody around me when I was seeking. The first night there were a few, but I went home and put the thing through on my knees—morning, noon and night, and there was not anybody there to talk to me and make it easy for me. The Holy Ghost was making it hard for me. The Holy Ghost was going to the bottom of things. What we need today is to leave people to the Holy Ghost. I am not saying the former days were better than these. I do not believe it. God is the same. The old Bible is the same. The Holy Ghost is the same. Man's needs are the same, and man needs the truth today just as much as ever he did in the past, and men today need to go through on God's lines, and meet the conditions that God lays down right here in the Word.

“Prepare to meet thy God.” You must meet Him, and meet every sin you ever committed, down on your knees at some altar of prayer, or else meet them up yonder at the judgment seat of Christ, where it will be too late to pray. I believe that when I as a sinner came before God in prayer, that He brought up before me every sin I ever committed, down there on my knees, and the devil came and said to me, “Look here, you have been such a bad, wicked boy, Jesus Christ can save everybody else, but He cannot save you.” Let me repeat it: You must meet your sins on your knees, and confess out before God, or else you will meet them at the judgment seat of Christ, where it is too late to confess.

I was preaching last August. A young girl came there, and she did not think much of this preacher. I was preaching every night and pouring on the truth, just as God gave it to me, and she sat away back the first night she came—was almost in the rear of the Tabernacle. The next night she came she was four or five seats farther front. The next night she came she was farther up yet, and the next night she was nearer the front, and then one night, about 10 o'clock, that girl came to the altar. I wish you had heard

her pray. She prayed until halfpast 12 at night, and she prayed through, and that campground was just one scene of glorious revelry when that girl got through. Let me tell you how she prayed. "O God! O God! If you will only forgive me I will never drink any more wine. I will never go to any more skating rinks. I will never go to any more dance halls. I will never run with any more married men. I will never kill any more babies. I will tell my husband all about it, O God, if You will only save me!" That is the kind of confession that she made there on her knees, and about halfpast 12 at night, God saved her.

You say, "Preacher, why did you preach that way?" I will tell you why. Down there in that town they had water works, a great big reservoir, and they emptied that reservoir one time in order to clean it out, and found fifty babies in it, and the preachers in the town told me of it more than once. We have got to preach straight. It is murder, murder, murder! Not merely taking a knife and driving it home in somebody's back, but the blood of unborn innocents on their fingers, going into eternity, and bearing evidence of their damnable act to the judgment throne of

God. Do you believe God will forgive it? Yes, I do; but it has to be confessed. I was preaching in that Campmeeting, and I had my meals on the ground in the dining hall. I had a beautiful room about a block and a half from the campground. I preached one night, and God helped me. Oh, how God did help me preach, and the next day a man came to me, threw his arms around my neck, and said, "I went home and confessed to my wife last night." He said, "I had confessed to her before, but the way I confessed to her was this: I told her that when I got drunk, before I was married, that I did things a drunken man did." He said, "That is all the confession I made, but after I heard you preach last night, I went home and told my wife all the sins I committed, and she said, 'Husband, I forgive you.' " How much better he felt.

About halfpast 9 the next morning, in a beautiful automobile, a man with his wife drove up in front of where I was stopping. He came to the door and said, "Mr. Kulp, I want to see you. I heard you preach last night." He said, "There is my wife out there. She wanted to come with me." He said, "Wife, come in. Mr. Kulp is here." And they came into my room and sat

down, and he said, "Oh, if I had only heard it preached before! If I had only heard it preached before!" That night, in preaching, I preached this: "Unconfessed sins never go under the blood." And that man heard me preach, and went home and said as he went home, "I will confess to my wife." He was a moneyed man, a business man. He said he was down in the cellar helping to fix some boxes, and his wife came down there and he said, "God sent her down here that I might make the confession." He confessed, and said, "Let's go see the preacher." And they drove over to see me that morning, and he said, "Preacher, I never sinned against my wife until after our last child was born; but I was in a city, putting up at a hotel, and a woman was stopping at the hotel. They were going to move there, and her husband was back in the town where they were moving from, and she was there. I was standing in front of the postoffice one day, and she came along and said, 'Are you going down to the hotel?' I said, 'Yes,' and I went down to the hotel and roomed on the same floor with her, and she said, 'This is my room.' And I said, 'That is mine,' and she came into my room, and I sinned against my wife. If

somebody had only preached, 'Unconfessed sins never go under the blood,' I would never have done it." And there stood his wife, and her heart breaking, and she was weeping.

Say, listen! Unconfessed sins never—never—never go under the Blood. Here is the text—"Prepare to meet thy God." God is the friend of every repentant sinner. But every sinner who wilfully continues in his sin, runs against the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, and that Bible says that God is angry with the wicked every day. There is no soft solder about that. There is no sentimentality about that. I am giving you God Almighty's truth, and I do not care how much money you have, how respectable you are in the society where you move, I do not care what your reputation may be, if there is one single sin between you and God in all your past that is not repented of, and you have not taken God's way, and met God's conditions, that sin will sink you into the devil's hell, though the preacher may preach a beautiful sermon and eulogize you, and pass you into the gates, amidst the acclamations of angels, but you will be damned because of unrepented sins. Do not tell me a man cannot live without sin. A man cannot be saved until he

quits sin. A man has to go out of the sinning business.

I was preaching not far from here, and a man was at the altar. He said, "Yes, I have got through. There is one thing yet I have got to confess to. I was hurt, and I claimed the benefit of a compensation law, and I have been paid a part of it, but I will not take the rest, for I was not hurt as bad as I let on."

You are not dealing with man. You are not dealing with preachers. You are dealing with the Holy Ghost. I should not wonder but you would surprise some folks in your community if you would go around making things right. They would look at you in astonishment. One time I stopped in Indianapolis; just had time to run in and get my dinner, and the dinner was fifty cents, but it did not have cantaloupe on the bill of fare for the fifty cents, and I wanted a piece of cantaloupe, and said to the waiter, "Bring me a piece of cantaloupe." He brought it, and I went up and paid my bill and I got into the car. I said, "There, I did not pay for that cantaloupe!" I said, "The first time I am in Indianapolis, I will pay for that cantaloupe." I was back about a year afterward, and I walked into that

restaurant and went up to the clerk, and said, "Is here where you take the money for dinners and suppers?" And he said, "Yes, sir." A policeman sat right there. I said, "Well, I was here about a year ago, and got a fifty-cent dinner and ordered a piece of cantaloupe that did not belong to the dinner," and I said, "here is fifteen cents; I want to pay for it." He looked at me, and the policeman looked at me. I guess he thought I was an innocent just escaped. Oh, I should not wonder a bit but what the grocer and the shoemaker and the tailor, and a few other business men in town might be greatly benefited and highly astonished, if you would get enough religion to go around and straighten up the past. That is what preparation means, and I had to write some letters, and I had to send some money. Oh, beloved, it means something to prepare to meet God. If the Holy Ghost does not back that up, don't you move; but if the Spirit of God applies that truth, you mind the Holy Ghost. How are we going to meet God? Red-handed?

One time a British vessel was after a smuggler, and the captain of the smuggling vessel said, "There comes a British vessel. We will have to throw the cargo overboard." And so

they went down in the hold and were throwing it out, and throwing it out, and by and by they came up on deck after having thrown every bit of it out, and they said, "But it floats!" And there was the cargo floating. Say, listen! It floats. You have left a trail behind you, and I want to tell you, all the money you can give in a campmeeting, and all you can unload, never—never—never will atone for your sins in the past. It will take the blood of Jesus Christ.

Now wait a moment. In some places restitution has gone to seed. You say, "What do you mean, preacher?" I will tell you what I mean. I have heard people get up and testify, and they said, "I could not get right until I made restitution, and I made the restitution, and everything was all right." I do not believe it. Restitution does not save you, and if you could undo every sin you ever committed, if you could restore everything you ever wronged anybody of, it would not save you. It takes repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ. Listen, brother! If you cannot stand this kind of truth, what are you going to do when you meet the God that gave it? Jesus Christ said, "Thy Word is truth."

Now, again—your church membership. I

would rather be a sinner outside of the church, than a sinner inside. I think I would have a better chance, that there would be a greater probability of my getting to God, if I was outside of the church, than in. The devil would say, "Now, don't go back on your profession. Now don't dishonor your church. Now what will your folks think of you?" It is not what folks think. It is, what does God think? Here is a woman dying. Mrs. Norris, a woman of the same church, came into the bed chamber. The woman looked up and said, "Oh, Mrs. Norris, isn't this awful, to be forty years in the church, and to die and be lost!" I used to labor some years ago with Doctor Keen. I was with him in a campmeeting up at Bay View, Mich. Listen to what he said just before he died. He said that 75 per cent of the church members that he was called upon to pray with before they died, he had to pray with them that they might be saved. Good Lord help us! How is it with you tonight? May God wake us up here!

Preparation. When? Now. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." You may be summoned into the Divine Presence any moment. I knew the president of a bank—I will

not tell you where it was, but I was in his private office one day, and he had been a warm friend of mine for years. I had preached the funeral sermon of his father, who was a good, old-fashioned Methodist, and had real Bible salvation. This president said to me, "Mr. Kulp, there is one thing I hate (he was president of a state bank), at any moment the state inspector can walk into this bank. He can demand of me to furnish all of my books, to furnish all my papers. I will have to show him the whole thing, let him examine it. He can come whenever he pleases, and I have got to pay him ten dollars a day, and," he said, "how I do hate having that inspector, that bank examiner, come around."

The Holy Ghost is an Examiner, and while I am preaching He is applying the truth, and tomorrow is eternity, and in that eternity is the great white Judgment Throne, and men are going to be judged for the deeds done in the body. God knows every heart. "Go call thy husband." "Why, I haven't any husband." You told the truth then. The man you are living with now is not your husband. You have had five. "Who said so?" The Man that is going to be the Judge out yonder. He knows. He knows all about it.

There is no secret history He does not know. There is nothing that He does not have on record. During the war the Department of Justice sent for me, and I went over there with a friend of mine. I was introduced to the gentleman, Mr. Smith, and he said to me, "Well, Mr. Kulp, you were out preaching for that pro-German the other night, wasn't you?" I said, "Pro-German? No, sir; that man is not a pro-German." He called for somebody, and they brought out a pile of papers. He said, "Here we have it. Here is what he said. Here is where he said it. Here are the witnesses. We have got the record here." And that man did not know a single thing about that record—but they had it. Listen! God Almighty has got your record, and it is your record you are going to face, and preparation to meet God means canceling that record on God's conditions. What are they? Repent. That means, go out of the sinning business. What are they? Confession. "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us." What are they? Forsake. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him: and to our God,

for He will abundantly pardon." Oh, brother, God has the record. But listen! I want to tell you something tonight. The law, the ordinances, were against us. Jesus Christ took them, and He nailed them to the cross, and He made peace through His blood. But, brother, you will have to meet conditions in order to get the merit of that blood. What are you doing? I was preaching up here at New Richmond, Ohio. After I got through at night, I dismissed the congregation, and a young woman came up and stood before me. She said, "Mr Kulp, I have only got one thing more to do." "Well," I said, "what is that?" She said, "I lied about somebody. I have got to go and confess it." My! If folks had to confess all the lies they had told, wouldn't it keep them busy? A Sunday School class one day had a lesson on Ananias and Sapphira, and the teacher said, "Children, why doesn't God strike people nowadays when they lie?" A little girl held up her hand and said, "Because there would not be anybody alive." God has got the record, and it is always fresh in the memory of God, and in the conscience of the sinner. It takes the blood of Jesus Christ to purge an evil conscience. How is it with you tonight? Are

you ready to meet God? What is your salvation good for if you are not ready to meet God on a moment's notice?

Up where I was pastor so long, there are some people who will not come to hear me preach. They say they are made so uncomfortable. I wish they would stop and think. I wish men and women tonight would take a retrospective view of their life, while the Holy Ghost is applying the truth, and while the text comes in thunder tones—"Prepare to meet thy God." Just take a backward look, and then remember, beloved, remember that the God who came to Adam and said, "Where art thou?" is on your track tonight. Remember that man never hid from God until he sinned, and sin is just as hateful in God's sight tonight; but remember, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Remember, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." Oh, there is hope for you, but you will have to meet God's conditions.

A fellow brought a load of coal to a house, went in and said, "Where do you want this coal?" The lady said, "You will have to go down and unlock the cellar window." The man went down and unlocked the cellar window, and com-

ing back, he saw a fine pair of gloves. Oh, they would be good for a driver! And he took them and put them in his pocket. He unloaded the coal and went away. Twelve years afterward that man yielded himself to God. He hunted up the man who owned the gloves and said, "Say, I have got something to tell you. For twelve years I have never met you but what I have been ashamed of myself." The man said, "What is the matter?" He said, "Twelve years ago I took a load of coal to your house. I went down in your cellar to unlock the cellar window. There was a pair of driving gloves there, and I stole them, and I want to pay for them." Twelve years! Conscience has a long memory—and God has a longer one; and if our conscience condemns us, God will condemn us, for God is greater than our conscience. Prepare. When? "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

Do you know why a great many people do not come here? Because they are unwilling to meet the conditions. A young man was standing right down about there in my church, and I saw the fellow was under conviction. I went to him and said, "God is talking to you. You ought to be a Christian." He said, "Mr. Kulp, if what

you preach is true, I will never be a Christian." I said, "What is the matter?" He said, "I have sinned against some people, and injured them, and they do not know that I am the fellow that did it." God knows. M. W. Knapp, when dying, said, "Wake them up! Wake them up! Wake them up!" and the only thing I know that will wake them up is the truth, as it is in Jesus Christ, preached by godly men and backed by the Holy Ghost. Jesus is able to save unto the uttermost all them that come unto God through Him, and save them now—*when you meet conditions*—and then you will be saved on the merit of the blood of Jesus Christ, and not because of your good works.

It is 8:58. How many persons are there here tonight ready to meet God at 9 o'clock, in just two minutes? You know whether you are or not. Let me tell you something. My old mother is ninety-six years of age next November. Once in a while she will have a flash of her old self, and when she does, she will sing some old hymn:

"Drooping souls, no longer grieve,
Heaven is sufficient,
If in Christ you do believe,
You shall find Him precious.

Jesus now is passing by,
Calling mourners to Him,
He has died for you and me,
Now look up and view Him."

I can hear her old cracked voice. Then again she will say to me, when she has those moments—they do come now and then—"I am all ready whenever the Master sends for me." That never leaves her. Somebody referred to something of that kind the other day, and I thought of mother. Oh, thank God, there are some things we know. You can know if you are ready. Bishop Hughes says never to put a test that is not Scriptural—and I am not. That is the test that Jesus Christ puts—"Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Are you ready?

X

WRATH REVEALED

“For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness.”
(Rom. 1:18.)

The Bible *is* the Word of God, not only contains the Word, but *is* the *Word of God*. You believe it? Yes? But how many are living as though it is? How many are living the Word? The criticism of the Chinese as they see men from America, supposing that all are Christians, is, “You are not as good as your Book.” God *speaks* to us in this Word. How much attention are you paying to it? If your children disobeyed you as persistently as you have disobeyed God, what would you do to them? Your life is a continual disregard of the claims of God. We call Nero a monster because he murdered his mother; but the sinner is crucifying the Son of God, counting His blood a common thing, and putting Him to an open shame, and repeating it every day, all the time.

This Book tells us of *heaven*—says that heaven is for the righteous. The pure in heart shall see God. I go to prepare a place for you, my disciples, that where I am there ye (my disciples) shall be also. Do you expect to get to heaven? Do you really mean it? Are you sure that you are not confused, taking a desire for a hope? You know there is a vast difference between a desire and a hope. You no doubt desire a million dollars, but you have no hope of getting it. Let us examine and see upon what your hope is based. The Word says, "Blessed are they that do His commandments; they shall enter in through the gates into the city." The first commandment to all is, Repent. John, the forerunner of Jesus, preached *Repent*. They took his head off, and I really think that more preachers would have their heads taken off if they would preach repentance. Jesus came and the first thing He preached was repentance, and they crucified Him. The Apostles on the Day of Pentecost preached, "Repent and be ye converted." And only one of them died a natural death. Repentance is not the easy thing that some folks think. It means something to repent. Let me ask you, Have you repented? When did you repent? Do you remember?

God says in this Word to us, He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but he that forsaketh and confesseth shall find mercy. If we *confess* our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. When the Prodigal came to himself he said, "I will arise and go unto my father and I will say unto him I have sinned"—in other words, I will go unto him and *confess*. How much confessing did you do? This is one of the commandments, and we cannot evade it. Men do not like to confess. They are like Dr. Juniper, an old colored herb doctor in Baltimore. He was attending a revival service, and being under deep conviction, he went to the altar and prayed earnestly. The folks at the altar were getting through finely, and the old doctor did not know what to make of it that he did not get through; so he said, "O God, I guess you don't know who I is; I is Dr. Juniper." But the Lord did not pay any more attention to Dr. Juniper than before. And still the others kept praying through. The old doctor really wanted God and was now almost heart broken, and lifting his hands and voice he cried, "O God, I isn't Dr. Juniper; I is nothing but a poor old sinner." And that very moment

he got through. Have you confessed your sins to Him? I was in a meeting in an Ohio town and after the meeting a woman came to me and said, "I have done everything but one. I must go to a woman I lied about and tell her." She seemed to think it was her duty to go and tell the woman, and I did not say her nay. The Word of God says, "Let the sinner forsake his ways and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, for he will find mercy." You expect to get to heaven? Have you forsaken *all* sin and sinful associations? How much forsaking did you do? Did you leave the card table, the dance, the moving picture show, the theater, the snuff and tobacco? You see it says, "his ways." Was this one of your filthy ways? A clean case of religion gives a man a clean mouth. It will change the color of his spit. Oh, yes, God demands *forsaking* on our part. Have you forsaken the old crowd? I remember of a case where a young woman went to a revival meeting accompanied by her escort, and during the meeting she arose, left him and went to the altar. He was so angry he left her and went home. A real gentleman would have waited. The next day she received a letter in which she

was told, "If you are going with those people, you cannot go with me." And that little woman sat down and wrote him one of the sweetest little letters he ever had received, and it said just one thing, "*Goodbye.*" She left all things, associations and associates to go with God. This was very different to a case at Sephardsville, Mich., when a young woman came to the altar. There were a number of young persons at the altar, and they were praying through, too, and she prayed so earnestly that I was ready to shout for the victory that appeared to be in sight. All at once she stopped praying, wiped away her tears and rose up and said, "The Lord shows me that my friend will be saved." I saw it at once and I said to myself, "Tricked by the devil." She was keeping company with an ungodly man. The Lord told her to give him up. The enemy came and said to her, "Your friend will be saved; that is all right." And she listened to him; the thing suggested was in harmony with her own inclinations, and she was caught with the guile of Satan and missed the experience that God wanted to give her. If any man will be my disciple let him do as did Matthew of old; he arose, left *all*, folks and everything else, and followed Jesus.

It is better to go with God than folks. Abram went with God, but Lot went with Abram. Lot went to Sodom, and lost his wife and some of his children; but Abram walked before God and received the promise of all the land. Be ye holy is a command. This is the will of God even your sanctification. Rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God concerning you. If any man will do my will he shall know the doctrine. Do you have the experience? Have you got a hope of heaven? Repented and *know* you did? Confessed clear through and *know* you did? Forsaken all sin and all sinful associations, all secret sins and secret places, come out from among them and are separate and clean and *you know it?* Then to you comes with power the Word of God, "Blessed are they that do His commandments for they *shall have a right to the tree of life* and enter through the gates into the city.

There is a heaven and there is a hell. Believe it? Oh, I do not know so surely about that. Where did you get your knowledge of heaven? From the Word of God? Yes and nowhere else. I know there is a heaven on the authority of God's Word, and on the same authority I know

there is a *hell*. If thy right arm offend thee, cut it off. It is better to enter into life maimed, than having two arms to be cast into hell fire where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. Who said that? Jesus did. In hell the rich man lifted up his eyes being in torment. Who said so? Jesus did. Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming. God's Word for it. The wicked shall be turned into *hell* with all the nations that forget God. Oh, just as surely as you make a map of the universe you write down "heaven," so surely write down *hell*, for there is one and it will be the eternal home of the sinner who refuses to repent and go with God. There is wrath, and my text tells us of wrath revealed from *heaven*; the wrath of God against sin and the unrepentant sinner. And I would say here, the Word tells us of wrath to come, not as a threat, but as a warning. *Because there is wrath. Beware!*

Now to our text. Wrath revealed in the Word. Why did God drive out of Eden our first parents? Because they did what you are doing every day—they *sinned* against Him. Why did God destroy the Antediluvian world? Because they sinned against Him. Why were the cities

of the plains destroyed, and left in ruins by the fires of heaven that God rained down upon them? Because they sinned. Oh, sin is no joke—no dream. Sin is the thing that God hates, whether in an angel or a man. If the angels who kept not their first estate were cast down to be reserved in chains of darkness unto the judgment of the great day, how shall we escape *if we neglect* so great salvation. Achan took a wedge of gold and a Babylonish garment and was stoned to death by Divine command. God hates *sin*. Uz-zah put out his hand to steady the ark, and God killed him, for he violated the law God gave. The Word of God teaches there is wrath against sin, and this Word came from heaven. Holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

The wrath of God against sin is revealed in *conscience*. Charles the Ninth of France yielded to the entreaties of his queen mother and signed the paper that meant the death of his Huguenot subjects. He afterward sat in the window and saw them shot down—men and defenceless women and little children, until the streets of Paris ran red with the blood of the innocents. In a few years he was on his death bed, his very

pores ran blood, and before his eyes were the sights he saw on that awful night when he permitted his subjects to be murdered, and he cried, "O doctor, give me something to take away this blood from my eyes." But the doctor could not by any medicants reach the conscience of the dying king. The wrath of God revealed in conscience against the sins of the past. A woman was dying in Michigan, and as she laid on her bed she kept crying, "Take away those little fingers, they are pinching my face—they are pinching my face!" What was the matter? The wrath of God in the conscience. She had murdered more children before they were born than she ever brought into the world. The brethren of Joseph saw him coming across the fields and said, "Here comes that dreamer; now we will get even with him." And they planned to put him in the pit, and they did; but seeing some Ishmaelites coming along the road, they sell him to them and down into Egypt he is taken while they go home with a coat dipped in blood to deceive their old father. They were adepts at deception, forgetting "what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive." The years roll along and the whirligig of time brings

God's revenges. There is a famine in the land of Canaan and corn only in Egypt, and these brethren go down there to get some corn and get into trouble, for there is a man there that knows them, though they know him not, and they get together and say one to another, "Verily, we are guilty of our brother's blood." No one has said a single word about their brother. What is the matter? Simply this, the wrath of God revealed in *conscience* against the *sin of years ago*. Belshazzar trembles at a handwriting on the wall—trembles, though he cannot understand a single word that is written. What is the matter? Just this, conscience condemns him; he knows he is guilty, and that is enough to know. "A guilty conscience makes cowards of us all."

The wrath of God is revealed in His providences. Nations have proved this in the past. The Jew was to give the land a rest every seventh year, but led on by their greed, like the profiteers of America today, they robbed the land as these do the citizen who is at their mercy and cannot help himself. And they did this for four hundred and ninety years, apparently forgetting that God can count, and that He is a jealous God.

But the time came when He stepped out of the shadows and took notice in a practical manner, for the Babylonians came into the land, and carried them off into captivity and there they had to endure captivity until the land rested *seventy years*, the number of years in which it had been robbed. You cannot cheat God at all. The land belongs to Him. He says the earth is mine. And when you rob even God's earth you may expect Him to visit you in wrath. We might take the time and tell you of nations now decadent, decadent because they violated the laws of God and had to pay the price. Rome, Spain, once the mightiest empire on earth, Babylon, Greece, all sinned against Him, and now are paying the price. It is said that no denomination that ever missed its opportunity and went to decay and death, ever was restored, and it is eminently true of nations, when they fall they fall like Lucifer—never to rise again.

The wrath of God is revealed in nature against *sin*. A sin against one's own body is a sin against God, for He who wrote the laws on Sinai, who gave us the Decalog, also gave us the laws that govern our bodies, and to violate the laws of the body is to sin against God. He who does it must

pay the price. The hospitals for the insane are filled today with young people who have indulged in secret vices until the mind has become deranged, reason dethroned and they are shut in as a menace to society and a reproach to humanity. There is no escape. God may forgive, but nature never does. The young man who has the cigarette habit is doomed to shorten his life, wreck every nerve, and curse his progeny. A young fellow one day entered the office of a physician and said, "Doctor, I am all in." The doctor said, "I see you are. How many cigarettes do you smoke in a day?" He answered, "About forty." The doctor asked him to bare his arm, and taking a leech from a bottle he put it on the fellow's arm, and in exactly two minutes it dropped off dead. "Young man, if you think that was an accident, I will put on another." And he proceeded to put on another and in two minutes the same result. "That is the result of your cigarette smoking," said the doctor. And the youngster did not say I will quit at once, but like the slave of habit that he was, he merely said, "I will not smoke so many." There are more women going to the operating tables than there are men, and one reason is they

are lying nightly by the side of husbands who are poisoning them gradually by the nicotine in their blood. I once made this statement on a campground where was a man who was a constant user of tobacco. He was talking to his wife earnestly as I passed by and she called me saying, "My husband wants to talk with you." I went to them, and to say he was angry is to put it mildly. He at once began: "I do not see how a man by the use of tobacco can poison his wife." I replied, "I have not the authority with me, but let me have your name and address, and when I return home I will get it and send it to you." I went home and one day entered the office of Dr. Leslie, and I said, "I am called into question because of a statement I made in reference to the use of tobacco." He asked me to be seated and went to his bookcase and took down a book called "*Woman the Eternal Sufferer*," and turning the leaves over rapidly he called my attention to the chapter and page that revealed the facts. It was written by an eminent Jewish physician on the Pacific Coast. I copied it and sent it to my wrathful friend, and the next time I went to that place he came to the altar and quit his to-

bacco, and today is preaching and practicing a clean Gospel.

"Do you see that home we just passed, doctor?" "Yes, I do, and I know the family." "Well, doctor, I think a man with a home like that and a proportionate income could be a happy man." "Well," said the doctor, "that man is poisoning his wife—killing her by slow degrees. He is a tobacco fiend." The medical man *knows* that tobacco is an evil that will shorten the days of the man who uses it. Nothing good can be said of the *weed*, and nothing good comes of using it, and God's curse is upon the use of it and upon the user. During the Spanish American war, half of the young men who applied for enlistment were rejected on account of the "tobacco heart." No sentiment here, just hard common sense, aided by medical science. Be sure your sin will find you out is true of all sin, whether it is sin against the body or sin against the law as revealed to us in the Word.

The wrath of God as seen in the past is terrible. The blasphemers who were slain the night the angel of the Lord passed through the Assyrian ranks knew that he but did the Divine will on them. They knew it when it was too late.

The men who sneered at the Missionaries on the island of Martinique knew when too late that God was capable of wrath. Only a few days before they had told these men of God they were not wanted on the island, and must get off. They took a pig and nailed it to a cross and carried it through the streets of the city, and said to the Missionaries, "Here is your Christ." But very soon God rose in the might of His power, shook the island as with an earthquake; Mount Peelee blew its head off and there came out mud and steam, hot water and stones, burning lava and ashes, and forty thousand people were hurried into eternity. They did not want God, and said so, and God showed them that He was through with them until Judgment Day. Out in San Francisco the drunken mobs with their political processions could parade the streets with red fire and blare of bands, cheering and hooting, and nothing be said about it; but when the Salvation Army, and the little bands of Holiness people appeared on the streets, they were told they were disturbing the peace of the city, and must stop, and when they kept right on and sang and prayed and testified, they were told they *must* stop or go to jail—and they stopped.

But God knew, and sometimes He uses measures that are quite convincing. The city had retired to rest for the night, but He never slumbers, and He just put out His little finger and shook the Pacific Coast, and San Francisco went down in ruins. Then some of them at least wanted God, and they prayed and wept and cried aloud on the streets to God to have mercy. Wrath revealed in nature against *Sin* and *Sinners*.

There is only one way to avoid wrath, and that is the way that God has appointed. Repent. When God was aroused and sent a prophet to Nineveh to cry, "Forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed!" the king and the nobles and the people all put on sackcloth and ashes, and God saw their repentance was real, and He heard their cry and spared them. Repent and be ye converted, that your *sins* may be blotted out. Though they be red like crimson, yet shall they be whiter than snow. Whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. I believe with Dean Alford, "All man's salvation is of God, and all of his damnation is of himself." God in Christ has done all that He could do to prevent the consequences of sin. Each man makes his own hell and fixes his own eternal

destiny. Man as a free moral agent can do as he pleases. To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are. It is not in the power of Omnipotence to save a man against his own will. Man can resist all the influences of Divine Love, all the strivings of the Holy Spirit. Peter once said, "As did your fathers so do ye; ye do always resist the Holy Ghost." But there comes an end; an end to probation, and *Sin* loved and persisted in will send a soul to where it is forever separated from God. Then evil character is fixed beyond the power of change, and wrath forever is wrath against sin. May God keep all who hear these awful truths from the wrath to come.

XI

LYING TO GOD

"I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost." (Romans 9:1.)

A lie is an intentional violation of the truth, a false statement made knowingly and deliberately for the purposes of deception. It is anything which misleads, deceives or disappoints, anything false, hollow and deceptive. It is to profess to have something which we know we do not possess. Men lie to men, but in the last analysis all lying is unto *God*. Peter said to Ananias, "Why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost . . . thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God." In fact all sin is sin against God. There are powerless lives all around us; men and women are loud in their profession and yet whose lives in the home, in the community, in the church, are absolutely devoid of any spiritual power, and "there is a reason." We talk glibly about consecration, forgetting

that consecration means abandonment unto the Holy Ghost of the whole life of the individual, and all that life means unto the one will of God for all time and all eternity. Martin Wells Knapp said, "Consecration means taking your hands off of that which belongs unto God." And when we consider that all we are and all we have and all our present and all the future is ours only because given us of God, we begin to see what it means to be abandoned unto Him. It means a glad acceptance of all the will of God for ourselves unto the farthest possibility. And now please remember that consecration and power go together. The very moment a soul abandons itself unto God, that very moment the Holy Ghost comes in as the Sanctifier. It is a principle in philosophy that nature abhors a vacuum, and so does grace. God is glad to give the Holy Ghost unto all them that obey Him. He says so in His Word, and all the theories men can invent to cover their lack of experience, cannot displace the truth. This leads to the inquiry, "Why, then, are there so many powerless lives all around us?" Listen to God speaking in the Word, "Ye shall receive power, the Holy Ghost coming upon you." Power to be a living wit-

ness for God. Not to shout, though that is good when He puts the shout in us; not to jump, though that is all right when we delight ourselves in the Lord, for delighting means in the original, "jumping up and down in the Lord"; but living for God, in harmony with Him, walking with Him, keeping step with Him, in cheerful obedience to all His will, all the time and everywhere. Why, then, are there so many powerless lives? Men are *lying to God*! Charles G. Finney was the leading evangelist of the nineteenth century, wonderfully owned of God. He was engaged in a meeting at a certain place and church, and a Presbyterian Elder came across the country to the meeting to see him and get advice. This man had been seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but thus far had failed to receive Him. Mr. Finney was being entertained in the home of an elder who had received the Spirit, and the visiting elder was also a guest in the same home. As they sat down at the table for dinner the visiting elder was so full of the desire, that he could not wait, but immediately asked the elder, his host, "How did you receive the Holy Ghost?" And back came the answer, "*I stopped lying to God.*" At once the

man rose from the table, went to his room and came back in five minutes, his face all aglow, and said, "I told God I had told Him my last lie, on my knees or off." Oh, that all churches, all men, all women, all who profess the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ would quit lying to God. All churches? Yes. Here is a church to be dedicated to God. Listen to the trustees as they stand there before the minister, "We present unto you this church, to be dedicated to the service and worship of Almighty God." Hear the minister: "We dedicate this church to His service for the reading of the Scriptures, the preaching of the Word of God, the administration of the sacraments, and for all other exercises of religious worship." Go along the street on which that church stands in a few weeks and read the Bulletin Board, "A chicken-pie social, Saturday night, twenty-five cents. All are welcome." That church is a lie before God and the world. It was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, and here it is used for revelings and banquetings, for guzzling. Revival services held for ten days—a kind of a periodical spasm, something religious must be done to wipe away the reproach, to make the world overlook the lie. An evangelist

must be sent for; there is not enough spiritual life and power in the church to keep a weekly prayer meeting on fire for one night; a revival must be imported, and when the imported revival is over the imported evangelist will quite likely take away with him the imported revival. I have a firm conviction that any church that cannot have a revival without importing an evangelist, the whole outfit ought to go to the altar—minister and congregation. In my pastorates I used to invite an evangelist to come and help me, because I wanted my people to hear other men, and I wanted to hear them myself; and God blessed in the whole business, and the pastor and people were all ready to back the evangelist up and did not first have to go to the altar to get ready for the revival. Praise the Lord!

Men are lying to God. Dr. Keen once said: "Seventy-five per cent of the professing Christians that I am called upon to pray with I have to pray that they be made ready." He was speaking of those with whom he prayed on their death beds. Listen to this man pray. He is sick, very sick, or else he would not have prayed: "O Lord, spare me, raise me up from this bed of sickness and I will serve You all the days of my

life." God spares that man's life, raises him up, and he goes right on living the same old life. What is that man's life? *It is a living lie!* A lie unto God. An old sea captain was sitting in a parlor, telling the friends how he had been shipwrecked, was floating on the sea for twenty-four hours, holding on to a floating mast, hoping some vessel might come that way and rescue him. His listeners were spellbound, but one of them had a question he wanted to ask, and so he said, "Captain, may I ask you a question?" "Certainly, sir." "Did you not promise the Lord if He would spare you that you would serve Him?" And quick as a flash came the answer, "None of your business, sir!" But the next day the Captain came around and said, "I beg your pardon, sir; I was very rude yesterday. You touched a sore spot. I did promise God when I was floating out there on the ocean, that I would serve Him—and *I have not done it.*" That captain's life was a lie—a living lie. Do you remember the promise you made the time you were sick? Have you kept the promise? Broken vows and promises made to God stand in the way of your peace and salvation. There are lies to be straightened out, and the time will come when

you will remember them and tell God you lied, and ask Him to forgive you. I knew a man who was standing in his parlor, and in front of him was a little white casket, and in it a precious little one God had taken to Himself. By the side of the doctor stood an old friend, a man of God, and the doctor said, "Brother F——, I remember as I stand by this casket the vows I made unto God and did not keep." Oh, he thought of them now, and the lies oppressed his very soul. Well do so many sing, "Broken *vows* and disappointments thickly strewn along the way." Here is a meeting in progress and souls are at the altar; some are praying very earnestly. Hear this man pray, "O Lord, I give myself unto Thee, soul and body, for time and eternity. I say yes to all thy will. I abandon myself to Thee forever, in the name of Him who died for me, who shed His blood to wash away my sin." I am expecting something to happen. I am ready to shout over that fellow. But nothing happens—no fire falls. What is the matter? *He does not mean it.* It is only lip deep. He did not pray from his heart and mean it. In other words, he is lying to God. *There must be obedience before there can be faith.* The Holy Ghost comes where

He is really wanted, and comes suddenly, and where there is His presence, there is power and fire.

Hear this man pray, "Lord, I am Thine, Thine forever, to be Thine alone." No fire, and he goes out and flirts with the world, runs with the world's people, looks like the world. There is an old adage that comes to me just now, and it is this: "You cannot hunt with the hounds and run with the hare." I wish all professing folks would remember that. It would keep them out of lots of bad company. Here is a man and woman come to me to be married. I tell them to stand, the gentleman on the right of the lady, and I ask him, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife? Wilt thou love, honor, cherish, and *forsaking all others keep thee only unto her* so long as you both do live?" And he says, "*I will.*" I then ask the woman, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband so long as you both do live? Wilt thou love, honor, cherish, and *forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him* so long as you do both live?" And she answers, "*I will.*" And then I pronounce them husband and wife in the name of God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. Now is it so that that man has no right to look at another woman, nor to flirt with another woman? That woman has no right to make eyes at another man, no right to flirt with another man? You say yes; and so God in His Word says, "Come out from among them and be ye separate." A real consecrated life is a *separated life*. Old world, goodbye—and goodbye forever.

No Christian can flirt with the world, wear the world's garb, and keep right with God. I once heard Caughey, the celebrated Irish evangelist, say, "You cannot let the devil be your tailor, nor your milliner, nor your dressmaker." My father and mother were converted in old Green Street Methodist Church, in Trenton, N. J., under the labors of Rev. Charles Pitman, and I have heard them say that at night, after the altar services were closed, one could go all along the altar and pick up the feathers and flowers and jewelry. I was in a meeting in the Holiness Church at Huntington, W. Va. A woman came to the altar with a hat on her head that had on it a big ostrich plume. She came again and again; no one said a word about such things, but one after-

noon she put her hand up and pulled off the big feather. When the meeting closed, her daughter picked the feather up and said, "Mamma, here is your feather." The mother said, "I never want to see the thing again." Oh, the Holy Ghost is always faithful, and He works along the same old lines.

Here is a church wedding. They have imported an organist of ability, the church is splendidly decorated, the bridesmaids are arrayed in fine linen and purple, the little relative is there carrying a lily in which is a ring. The bridal party walk up the aisle to the peals of the wedding march; the whole thing passes off beautifully, without a hitch. The couple go home, when the following conversation takes place: "John, did you hear how finely the organist played the wedding march?" And John says, "No." "Well, John, you noticed how beautifully the bridesmaids were dressed, did you not?" And he said, "No." "But, John, you must certainly have seen how sweetly the little girl looked as she walked up the aisle carrying the ring?" And again John said, "No." "Well, John, please tell me, what did you see, anyhow?" He said, "I did not see anybody but you." That is the ideal for the

Christian who is abandoned unto the Holy Ghost, who has given himself to Jesus. The constant song of his heart is,

*Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all beside,
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Gazing at the Crucified.*

Jesus and only Jesus can fill the vision of the sanctified soul. God help us all to get the vision. I was in a meeting in Indianapolis; there came a man to the altar, a local preacher; alongside of him was a preacher, also seeking, dressed like a fashion plate. He was seeking *the blessing*, but before he got very far he found out he needed to get saved, and God did save him, and Sister Sadie Camly of that city, had the privilege afterward of seeing him get the blessing as she prayed for him. But it is the other fellow I want you to see. How he did wriggle and squirm, and squirm and wriggle. He would lie on the altar, first in one position and then in another; and he would groan, and groan again and again, and I finally said to one of the brethren, "What is the matter with that fellow, anyhow?" And they said, "He has got a farm." Now a farm is a good thing to have, especially in these days of

high cost of living; but the trouble was putting that farm on the altar. The most tender place about some men is their pocket. To pray, "O Lord, Thou canst have all that I have," and not to put the farm on, is *lying to God*. I think it is the height of meanness to look God in the face and say, "One tenth Thine and nine tenths mine." I have been in meetings where there was a silence as soon as I began to talk about tithing; but some people begin to get hilarious because they tithed, gave God one tenth, gave Him what was His already; and what if one withheld—you were a robber and a thief. I hold that no one gives God a single cent who does not give more than a tenth. God says, *the tithe is Mine*. This is the Word and under the Dispensation of the Holy Ghost *all* we have is the Lord's, and making a profession of having the Holy Ghost and yet withholding from God is *lying to God*.

Here is a man who is dead to the world, and those are the kind of people I am looking for. But how can one be dead to the world and yet get over on to the world's territory, enjoy the world's people, follow the world's fashions. Ungodly men and women are today setting the styles for the world, and professing Christians

are changing their garbs at the behest of the devil's fashion makers. Dead to *self*. That is the last thing to die. The first temptation was an appeal to self. "Thou shalt be as God." And the thing took, and man fell. Few people today are saying, "Blot me out that Israel may live," like that man back there on the mount with God. No wonder God took him up to talk face to face with Him. Let me alone, said the Almighty One, and I will blot Israel out and make of thee a great and mighty nation. That promise would have won a Cæsar, or a Napoleon, or an Alexander at once; but this man said, "Blot me out and let Israel live." He was dead to self. No wonder the Holy Ghost records he "was the meekest man on the face of the earth." But here is the truth, the eternal fact—*Self Must Die*—or we will die, and that eternally. The Apostle said, "I live, yet *not* I, but Christ liveth in me.

How did you pray last Watch night, do you remember? Was it anything like this: "O Lord, by Thy grace this shall be the best year of my life." "I will walk in all the light that God gives me." Have you done it? Does the Holy Ghost and your own conscience join with you in saying yes? Have you fellowship with *Him*? Are you

cleansed from all sin? You are *if* you are walking in the light. By their fruits you shall know them. This applies to us as well as to others. If their is no fellowship, there is no cleansing, for the two go together; where there is one there is the other. Have you prayed in the closet, in the secret place, at the family altar? I have seen men who were in the church in good standing, but they had no family altar in their homes. Have you studied the Word of God? Jesus said search the Scriptures. The Holy Ghost said give attendance to reading. Have you? Are you in partnership with God? Do you put God first? The first sentence in the Bible is, "In the beginning God." The first table in the Decalogue puts God first: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." The first sentence in the Lord's Prayer (commonly so called) is, "Our Father who art in heaven." The whole Book teaches God wants you in partnership with Himself. Write it out so big the whole world can see it, and then display it so three worlds will know it—*God Almighty, The Triune God and John Smith.*

Obedience to God is the keynote to victory. Emotion is good, but without obedience it is good

for nothing. Obedience without emotion, without one single bit of feeling, is pleasing to God. To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. *The Holy Ghost is given unto them who obey Him.*

In closing, let me call your attention to a victor who would, under any circumstance, keep his vows made to God. You will find him mentioned in the roll call of heroes of whom the world was not worthy, but God found them of sufficient worth to put them in the hall of eternal fame, where angels and men could read their names and deeds, and feel good while doing so. I see him kicked out by his own flesh and blood because they said, "Jephthah, you are the son of a strange woman, and we do not want you around." And out he went. He gathers around him a band of valiant fellows, who perhaps like himself, had been kicked out, and he wins his way, acquires a name for himself and his band. After a while the Ammonites oppress the children of Israel, and they are unable to deliver themselves, and would you believe it, they turn to the man they had kicked out, and they fairly beg him to come and deliver them, but he reminds them that they kicked him out, hated him

and expelled him from his father's house; but still they begged, until at last he said, "If I come and the Lord delivers the children of Ammon into my hand, shall I be the head of Israel?" And they said, "Yes, you shall be the head." Then this man prayed and said, "O God, if thou wilt deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, if thou wilt give the victory to Israel, I will give thee the first thing that cometh forth of mine house." And he meant it. He spoke from his heart, and God knew it and gave him the victory. He went out and led the hosts of Israel to battle and he smote Ammon with a very great slaughter. He returns to his home, the folks come out to meet him with timbrels and dances, they sing praises unto the God of Israel, they mention the name of Jephthah, but look, look toward his home, who is that coming forth from his doors? It is his own daughter. Will he be true? Will he keep his vows. This man who lived more than a thousand years before Calvary? Hear him, "Alas my daughter, thou hast brought me very low and thou art one of them that trouble me, for *I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.*" Have you opened your mouth to the Lord and gone

back? I say the truth in Christ and lie not, the Holy Ghost and my own conscience being my witnesses; God requires truth in the inward parts and in the inward parts He will make us to know wisdom. Search me, O God and see if there be any wicked way in *me*.

XII

THE SECOND DEATH

"This is the Second Death" (Rev. 20:14).

Death has been defined as the separation of soul and body. But is not death more than that? If that were all, why should men fear death? Nature is kind to the dying, and has made provision for an easy and almost painless exit from this life. The blood stagnates, a lethargy creeps over the frame, consciousness departs, and all is over. I know there have been those who have cried in agony, and dreaded death, but it is what comes after death the sinner fears. Death implies the separation from loved ones. A young man walked into the office of a railroad magnate and said to him, "I want a train for New York. I want the right of way for a hundred miles ahead. I want switches nailed down for that distance, for I must reach New York in the fastest possible time." The manager said, "Young man, it will cost you something to get that." "I did not ask you what it would cost; I told you

what I wanted." "All right, you shall have it." He got it; every switch was nailed down for hundreds of miles ahead of the train; the right of way was given; he arrived in New York in the fastest time ever given to a man; he took the auto in waiting, was whisked to a palatial home in a few minutes, but there was crepe on the door. Death had beat him; a loved one whose one desire was to see the young man had been hurried away by the hand of death. Death and time and tide wait for no man.

Tom Johnson was Mayor of Cleveland. He was eminently a self-made man, had made and lost several fortunes. He made the fight for three-cent car fares for the people of the city, but one day he called in wife and children, and said, "I have called you to say the last farewell. I am going to the land of shadows; the doctor tells me there is no hope, and wife, children, goodbye." They came from the room with weeping eyes and breaking hearts. Death, then, is more than the separation of soul and body. It is separation from loved ones. To the Christian it is only a separation for a little while, and then an eternal reunion. When Rev. George W. Bacheldor was dying, he called in his wife, who

was the daughter of that stalwart man of God, Dr. D. W. Bartine. As she sat by his side he put his arms around her neck and bade her "goodbye for a little while," saying, "I love you next to Jesus." The second death is an *eternal* separation from all that is good and true, and pure and holy and happy *forever*. Death is a separation from *home*. I was called to preach the funeral sermon of a man in Michigan who had been a very successful farmer. He was a hard worker; he had cleared every acre of that farm on which he lived; planted every tree, made every foot of lawn, sowed every field, and now he was to die. As he laid there he said to some of the neighbors who were in the room, "Boys, lift me up; take me to the window; let me look out on the old farm once more." They carried him to the window. He looked long and lovingly at the barns which he had built, at the orchard he had planted, at the lawn he had made, and then he said, "That will do, carry me back," and lying down again he died. Death, then, is more than separation from the body—it is a separation from *home*. Mazarin, the Premier of France, was nearing the end. He called his servants, asked them to take him out to the art gallery

of his mansion, and as supported by their arms, he passed along the long gallery, looking at the works of artists and sculptors, admiring them with a critical eye, he was heard to say, "Must I leave you? Can I not take you with me?" Yes, he and all the rest of us must leave behind all the associations that we have loved. A lady was riding along a country road with her driver when they came to an old church. The shutters hung on one hinge, the cobwebs were over doors and windows, the weeds had grown up in the path, and yet she said to her driver, "I want to go in that old church for a little while." And getting out she went in and stayed for more than half an hour. The driver grew impatient. "What does that woman want in that old church, with all its dust and decay?" and he made up his mind he would ask her when she came out. After she was reseated in the carriage, he ventured to ask, "Madame, will you please tell me what it was that kept you so long in that dusty old church?" "Certainly I will. I am visiting back in this neighborhood where I was reared, after an absence of forty years. I never expect to return. I was converted more than forty years ago in that old church, and I wanted

to go in and get down at the altar where I first met Jesus. I forgot you—forgot the passage of time while I was there. I know you will forgive me for keeping you waiting.” That old altar was dear to her heart and she knew she was leaving it for the last time.

There is a spot to me more dear
 Than native vale or mountain,
 A spot for which affection’s tear
 Flows grateful from its fountain.
 ’Tis not where kindred souls are found,
 Though that is almost heaven;
 But where I first my Savior found,
 And *knew* my sins forgiven.

Death is more than separation of soul from the body; it is separation from loved associations.

But my text refers to the Second Death. Eternal Death. Death is a monster, an enemy; it is pitiless, cruel; it takes the young, the ambitious, the hopeful. It separates the husband and wife, the mother from the child. I have no liking for that hymn that once was in the Methodist Hymnal, “Ah, lovely appearance of death, thy sight upon earth is so fair.” God in His Word says Death is an enemy; but this text means *eternal* death, unending, never ceasing, dying always and yet never dead. There are three

kinds of *Death*. First, there is physical death, the separation of the soul from the body; then there is spiritual death, the separation of the soul from God; and there is eternal death, the separation of the reunited soul and body from God *forever*. Have you never been in the room where they were a long time dying? "How is he to-day?" "Oh, he is nearing the end. The doctor says he will pass out before sundown." Sundown comes and friends ask, "How is he today?" And again comes the answer, "He is almost gone—cannot live through the night." But the night has gone and again the friends come and ask, "How is he today?" And again the answer, "He is nearly gone—cannot last till noon." But at last someone inquires and is told, "He is dead." But after ten millions of years have passed away, there will never come a time when it can be said of an immortal soul, "It is dead." Death flees from them; they want to die in hell and cannot; always dying and yet never dead. I do like that word eternal—when it is yoked up with some words that belong to the vocabulary of the skies, or the Christian. Eternal *peace*. Eternal *joy*. Eternal *Heaven!* But, oh, the horrors when it is yoked up with *Eternal Death!* Oh,

think what it means for that husband who is unsaved, who is going straight to a devil's hell, while his sanctified wife is going straight to a glorious heaven! It means, "Wife, goodbye forever." *Eternal Separation!*

Let us now consider what the *Second Death* really means. It is separation from God forever. From God, the Source of life and power and love. The soul was made to enjoy God forever; made to walk and talk with Him; made for communion with Him. I have thought that God really enjoyed walking and talking with that first man with whom He would meet and talk in the cool of the garden in the morning. I have thought God missed the morning walks with that good, pure man when he fell. I think that God thought so much of Enoch, that other man who walked with Him, that He took him up to Himself to make the pleasure an eternal one. But think of it! Man made to walk and talk with God, separated from Him *forever!* One of the blessings of the pure in heart is that they shall *see God*; but the sinner in hell shall never see God, never talk with God, never have a prayer answered—it is an eternal separation from Him.

It is separation from heaven, angels, friends, saints, *forever*. Here we have churches, the bells peal forth an invitation every week to all to come to the house of God—but there are no church bells calling in hell. I rode on a train one time with a man who knew me well, and he said, “I would not live in a town where there were no churches and no schools. I want them for my children. I am not a church member, but I respect the churches for the good work they are doing.” Separation from Bibles and Sabbath Schools, and good people forever. Never to hear another prayer in the Spirit, or Spirit inspired, for the Holy Ghost never inspires anyone to pray when it is useless, and it is useless to pray in hell; not even a drop of water in hell, though men cry for water, water, water, to cool their parched tongues.

The Second Death is companionship with devils and demons and Satan forever. With the lost in hell forever. Think of it! Made for God and heaven, made to glorify God and enjoy Him forever, and yet shut up in hell to be the companion of the damned of all ages. All the whoremongers, all the adulterers, all the liars, all the drunkards, all the saloonkeepers, all the vile and

vicious, all that loveth and maketh a lie, all the unrepentant of all ages, with Neros, the Borgias, the tyrants, the persecutors, the crucifiers of the Son of God, the Judases who betrayed Him, and this *forever!* After earth, with its Gospel privileges, with its blessed sunlight, with its gracious providences, with its preached Gospel, the wooings of the Holy Spirit, then to be lost in hell *forever!* This is the Second Death.

It is bitter memories forever. Just to think. Once appointed unto salvation. Once an heir to a robe and a crown. For I fully believe that every child that comes into this world is a saved child. As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive. There are no heathen babies. They are all Christian, born under the atonement of Jesus Christ, and no matter where the child dies—in Africa's jungles or the arid plains of India—it goes straight to the presence of God as fast as the white-winged angels can carry it. No matter what the color of its skin, it is a saved child. But to be lost, to reject the light that comes through the atonement of Jesus' blood, to have to think and *think forever*, "*I might have been saved!*" God gave His Son to die for me, gave me the Word, unto me was the Word of

salvation sent; His providences were around me, and now they are all gone forever, and I am damned."

It is tormenting remorse forever; it is agonizing despair, forever; it is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, *forever*; it is outer darkness forever. Darkness so far away from the throne of God that the light *never* reaches it. I saw a picture representing Napoleon at St. Helena. He stands down by the seashore; his arms are folded; he is looking away across the waters towards La Belle France. I imagine he is thinking, "Over yonder I was the loved Emperor of a devoted people; I was on a throne supported by the love of France. An army moved at the command of my Generals. But I, led on by my cursed ambition, was not satisfied. I aimed at a dominion that meant Europe at my feet. I trampled on the bones and blood of my loyal friends to reach the goal—and here I am, to die with my boots on, to live only as a memory in the days to come." So with the lost in hell. To look out as far as mind can carry them to think, "Once I lived on yonder earth, where I was a free moral agent. I might have been a king and priest unto God. I might have been a co-worker with the Son of God, with high heaven; but I

loved sin, I loved the pleasures of the world, I loved to gratify the flesh. I said *No* to God, and here I am banished *forever* from God and heaven, and hope. Death would be a relief, but death never comes here; a coffin would be a welcome sight, but *coffins are useless in hell*. I am *lost forever*.

It is to be wicked, and constantly growing more wicked *forever*. Want Scripture for that? You shall have it. "Evil men and seducers wax worse and worse." It is to be without any hope or power of repentance forever. Here is a man who sold his birthright and he found no place of repentance forever, though he sought it carefully and with tears. Every sinner has sold his birthright. He was appointed to be saved and would *not*. Jesus said, "Ye will *not* come unto me that ye might have life." "Let the wicked forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and *let* him return unto the Lord, for He will have mercy, and unto our God, for He will abundantly pardon." That *LET* implies he may. He can, *IF* he will. Every sinner is the author of his damnation. He reaps what *he* sows. He may cry, as I have heard them cry, "O God, give me one more chance! Give me one

more altar call. Let me hear one more sermon!" But it is too late when the line is crossed.

The Second Death is the aggravation of all the woes, of all the sorrows, all the pains, all the horrors, all the diseases, all the curse that *sin* ever produced in the world, shut up in one place, with one class of people *forever*—the people who rejected Jesus Christ while on earth and deliberately chose sin, for sin when it is finished bringeth forth *Death*, and my text declares it is *eternal* death. I went one time to an insane asylum in the state of Michigan. I went with a man, then a preacher, who once had been a clerk in the institution. We went on the first floor, where the folks were so natural you would not know they were insane. Then we went on the second floor, where they were surely insane, and you soon found it out, but they were perfectly harmless. My friend then asked the doctor, who was our escort, to take us on the third floor where the incurables were, so we went up on the third floor. A door was unlocked, and we were locked into the "Disturbed Ward" with the doctor and the incurably insane. They came around us, hair long and unkempt, finger nails unkept, cheek bones high, eyes sunken in. They reached out their hands,

touched us as though we were visitants from some (to them) unknown world. I was glad to get out of there, and I have never wanted to go back since. But hell is the disturbed ward of the universe, for to my mind the most insane thing a man can do is to reject the only salvation that can deliver from sin. When a soul rejects Jesus, he is an incurable, for there is no other name under heaven whereby we can be saved save the name of Jesus. There is no rest nor peace in hell. In the disturbed ward the constant cry is, "I want to go home. I want to go home." So in hell the one cry is for Home, for hell has nothing homelike about it. Love reigns and rules in a home; that is what will make heaven so homey. But *hate reigns in hell*. They hate one another, hate God, hate Jesus, hate the Holy Spirit, hate the preachers who withheld the whole truth, hate the professing Christians who failed to warn them of the hell that awaited them as the consequence of sin, for as sure as God lives *hell is the sequence of a life of sin!*

The Second Death is to be *lost* in hell forever. So lost there is no hope. Lost to God, lost to hope, lost to love, lost to peace, lost to friendships, and *lost* forever! No Savior, no Holy Spirit, no promises, no mercy, no mourners'

benches, no time. Can you imagine what earth would be without these? Make it as bad as you can, and then it is what hell is forever. And now, let me give you a description of a lost soul from a preacher of the South, a master of language, a man who communed with God, and when he passed out of this life he was on his knees in prayer. He lived in an afflicted body, but it was, nevertheless, a temple of the Holy Ghost, and this man's mind and soul were filled with the quickening touch and power of the Divine within. Hear his description of a *lost soul*: "Saints commune with saints, and angels with angels, and they all commune with God; but this soul, sympathetic and social in the very construction of its being, its state changed and not its constitutional nature, is *eternally* isolated from everything like itself, and plunged into an ocean of darkness interminable to its flagging wing, where no sight nor sound will ever greet its aching sense, and doomed to wander on in the pathless void, while cycles roll and ages go grinding on. See it careering in its bewildered flight. It has crossed its track and recrossed it a thousand times. It is lost, *lost* beyond the power of finding. *It knows it*. It feels, but still it flies, now advancing, now regressing. It turns

again and lo! a blush of dusky light, a stupendous arch of massive bend, greets its vision. It fain would scale the loftiest turret. It soars, it hovers, but, oh, horror of horrors! temples, gates and towers melt away into darker gloom, and it is left in awful loneliness, hanging in agony, but a speck of quivering terror in untenanted and unilluminated space. Shall it ascend, descend, or move off on a level? There are no ups nor downs or recumbent planes where there is nothing. If ups and downs and planes there are, it may soar up-up-up forever, or dip down-down-down forever, or rush on-on-on forever. It is still—and through all eternity—*A Lost Soul!*

See it—yonder, yonder, yonder! It goes that way—*Lost! Lost! Lost!* It comes this way, and shrieking *Lost—Lost—Lost!* till our hearts stand still with horror. Scream on and fly on, cursed and ruined spirit; no battlemented walls of jasper will ever meet thy gaze, or furnish a resting place for thy weary pinions. Fly on, lost soul, forever; no angel of mercy will ever cross thy solitary way or overtake thee in thy wanderings. *Lost* spirits blackened with the curse of thy God, fly on and repeat in thy despairing cry the chorus of thine own horrible death march. *Lost—lost*, where no echos will ever mock thy

misery. Immortal soul, lost in boundless, bottomless, infinite darkness; fly on, thou shalt never find company till the ghost of eternity will greet you over the grave of God, and thou shalt never find rest till thou art able to fold thy wings on the gravestone of thy Maker. *And the Judge will say to the angels: Bind Him hand and foot and take him away and cast him into outer darkness. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth (Matt. 22:13).'* ”

XIII

DWELL DEEP

"Dwell deep—without care—alone" (Jer. 49: 30-31).

Jesus knew what we would have to do if we were to dwell deep, and so he told us in a parable of a man who was going to build a house and *he digged down deep*. He got all the rubbish, and sand and clay out of the way. He also told us that storms were coming and the building we erected would be tested, and it was necessary that we should build on the *Rock*. All the time we are living we are building—for *all* are builders—and all may see there is a necessity for deep digging. The Christian life is built on Christ. He is the Foundation—other foundation can no man lay. The poet has well said,

*"On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."*

It means much to go with God. We will find the crowd, the multitude going the other way.

"Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat." It took a hundred years to make a Stradivarius, but when it was made it was worth twenty-five hundred dollars. It took God and Stradivarius to make one. First, the tree to grow, to grow where the winds and storms would beat on it, where the lightnings and thunders would play around it. These would toughen its fiber, would get it ready for good work some day in the hands of an artist. Then, after all the years, the ax would be applied and it would be cut down, and then placed away till all the moisture was out, and then Stradivarius, with knife and plane. So it is with the Christian life. It means all hell to oppose, the world to hate, the carnal mind to criticize and scoff, to be at times misunderstood, and it is necessary to build, and more necessary to *dig down deep*. Oh, there are so many superficial, shallow professors these days—so many giglers. I went one day into a large furniture house, and the salesman, one of the firm, showed me a piece of furniture that he said was *cherry*. A nice piece of furniture, and he would sell it to me at a very reasonable figure, considering it was *cherry*. I bought it, took it home, showed

it to wife, and lo and behold, it was cherry—on the *outside*. It was a very nice job of veneering; looked like cherry, but it was a very thin piece of cherry glued and pressed tight to a very light wood. There is so much veneering in these days; not worth much when it comes to the testing. Men do not want—much less seek—for God's way. They are like an old farmer who had plenty of money and brought his son to Mr. Garfield to get an education. Mr. Garfield was the president of the college, and he showed the farmer a catalogue, and what would be required of the young man; and he told him, further, that it would take four years or more to finish the course contemplated. The old man said, "I do not want him here four years. I can pay for his education." Mr. Garfield saw the point at once and replied, "It takes a hundred years to grow an oak; you can have a squash in a few months. What do you want your boy to be—an oak or a squash?" It was ships of oak as well as hearts of oak that made Britain the mistress of the seas for so many years. There are storms coming, *dig down deep*. You are building for the skies. When you contemplate building high you must go down deep. I was in Philadelphia one

day and stopped to look at a foundation they were preparing. It was way down deep, far below the surface. It cost something to put it in, but they counted the cost and said, "It will pay to go down." When they built the St. Louis bridge across the Mississippi River, the engineer who drew the plan said to the contractors, "You must go down till you strike the rock." And the contractors said to the foreman, "You must go down till you strike the rock." And the foreman said to the men, "You must dig down deep till you strike the rock." And they began, they went down day after day, and one day the man said, "We have the rock." They sent a piece of the rock up to the engineers, who after a look said, "No, that is only sandstone; go down till you get the rock." They dug a few days more and said, "Now we have the rock, and again they sent up a piece; but the engineers said, "No, that is not rock yet; that is only a little harder sandstone." And on they went digging down deeper. But one day they heard a great shout coming up from the men. This time they did not send up a piece to be examined. They said, "We have the rock." The engineers shouted back, "How do you know?" Back came more shouting, "*We struck fire!*" Sure enough, you will know when

you have struck the rock you will get fire at the same time. Never stop digging till you get fire. It is promised, "There is one among you . . . He shall baptize you with the *Holy Ghost and fire*." Where He is there is fire—and you will know it, and other folks will know it, too. Have you been down so deep that you have struck the fire. We can never dwell deep, unless we first *dig deep*.

Dwell Deep. A man who had one time gone down until he struck the Rock and consequently was dwelling deep, said, and I think I can hear the shout of victory in the tones, "For me to live is *Christ*. The life I now live, I live by the faith of the Son of God who loves me and gave himself for me." When we dwell deep we dwell in *Him*, not in the church alone, not in folks, but in Him. We can and do sing, "He is mine and I am His." We live in the Spirit and the Spirit in us. That means we are led by the Spirit. We walk in the Spirit and do not fulfill the lusts of the flesh. We then move in Christ. All our ambitions, all our desires are in His will. All our activities are in harmony with his plan for us. All our inspirations are from Him. If we want to go to Bythinia, and He says, "No," we say no, too. If we are looking toward Asia

and He says, "No," we are as cheerfully obedient as if He had said yes. We not only move *in* Him, we move *for* Him. The love of Christ constraineth us. If He says slums, we say slums with all our might. I have never yet been able to understand why folks should weep and moan because God told them to go to the slums. If that is His will, better be in the slums working for Him than in Heaven. If He says Africa, say Amen. I once heard a young woman who had for years had the call of God upon her for Africa, make this remark: "Why doesn't God call some girl whose mother does not need her at home." Let us stop talking about the sweet will of God while at the same time we are fighting His place for us, anywhere. Carey was in India because God wanted Him there. Taylor was in China because the King pointed there. Melville was called to Africa and the Missionary Board said we have not the money to send you, and he replied, "I must go to Africa if I go as a hand before the mast." That is the spirit that makes the angels rejoice and sets all the bells of heaven ringing.

When a soul dwells in Him, all the ambitions are in His will. As Wesley sang, so it is the language of the soul:

*Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind and will;
All my goods and all my hours,
.. All I know or think or feel,
All I speak and all I do,
Take my heart, but make it new.
How blest are they who still abide,
Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side;
Who thence their strength and life derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.*

Dwell without care. Down here, in a world that is full of care? Yes, right here, and it is a lesson it will do us good to learn. The promise made to those who will seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness is, "*And all these things shall be added unto you.*" Food, raiment, and the things the Gentiles seek after. We may prove we are Israel indeed. We can carry the goods with us so people will know we are one hundred per cent Israel. There is a law now that makes the manufacturer write on the label the contents of the can, and that it is all it professes to be; and if the can does not contain goods according to the label, then the makers may be prosecuted. In other words, the law says *live up to the label*. It can be done, it may be done, it should be done, and it *must* be done, if

we ever see the inside of the pearly gates. Patti, that wonderful soprano, once went to a city where she was almost a complete stranger. She called at the postoffice to get her mail, and there were a great many letters for one Adelina Patti, but she must be identified, and there was no one to do it. Again she applied, but the clerk said, "I am sorry, but you must prove to me that you are Patti." A happy thought struck her, and at once she began to sing a simple little song. The people stood with open-eyed wonder, the clerks came to the windows, all work ceased, and an old clerk cried out, "That is Adelina Patti." Of course she got her mail—she had proved herself. We must, the world demands it. Jesus said, "Ye are my witnesses." Live without care. Madame Guyon was shut up in a prison, but she was free from care and sang in her cage like a bird:

*"My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!
Where'er I dwell, I dwell with Thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.
To me remains nor place, nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm, and free from care
On any shore, since God is there."*

Hear Him from the Word. Casting all your care on Him for He careth for you. My God shall supply all your needs according to the riches of His grace in glory by Christ Jesus. No good thing will He withhold from him that walketh uprightly. If we care for God, we will care for His cause, and He will care for us. Queen Elizabeth once appointed one of her nobles, a man of ability, to a foreign ambassadorship, and he, thinking of his own estates at home, said to the Queen, "Who will look after my interests while I am gone?" and she at once replied, "You look after my affairs abroad and I will care for you and yours." He trusted her and went. Be careful to be *careless*—that is, without care. I know now you are thinking Gentile thoughts; but it is true and some have proved it to be true. There was a man in the city of Pittsburg, who was most blessedly saved while working for a railroad company, and he at once went to the superintendent and said, "I cannot work any more on Sunday, so I cannot go out tomorrow." The superintendent asked, "Why can't you work?" and he said, "I have got religion and I cannot work on the Lord's Day and keep a clear conscience." "Well," was the response, "you have more religion than is good

for you. Go to the office and get your time. We don't want men who are too good to work on Sunday." He was discharged and went home. His wife met him at the door and he told her, "Wife, I am fired." "What for?" she asked. "Because I will not work on Sunday." She said, "You are a fool. As good men as you work on Sunday and belong to church, too." But he went on his way and would not work. The street corners were filled with men who were out of work. He tried to get a job, but failed. He used up all the money he had in the bank, then used up all the credit he had at the store, the merchant saying, "I know you are honest. I have trusted you until the bill is more than I can afford to carry. I am carrying so many others." And he went home to hear his wife's taunts again. Then he went upstairs and opened his Bible and in prayer he said to God, "Here is your word, Lord, seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and behold all these things shall be added unto you. Now, Lord, I am out of work because I minded Thee. Please prove Thy Word to me and get me work." And do you know that God did it? In a day or two a knock was heard at the door, and the call boy said, "The superintendent wants to see you." So down to the

office he went and the superintendent said, "Have you got a job yet?" "No, sir; I have looked everywhere, but I am still out of work." "Will you work on Sunday?" was the next query, and as quick as the light travels came the answer from the heart of the young man, "No, sir; I will not work on Sunday for the railroad or anyone else." The superintendent laughed and said, "Well, I have a job for you. I want you to be conductor on a local passenger. It has no Sunday run, and your wages will be twenty dollars a month more than you had in your old place." We do not *have* to care. We have all the angels in heaven to minister unto us; we have God looking out for us, and He holds jobs in the hollow of His hand for those who trust Him. He knows all about the future—you do not. Trust Him and live your trust. He knew that the day would come when there would be a famine in the land of Canaan; he knew that some of the heirs of the promise would be in that land, so He sent a man down there twenty years ahead of the famine to make provision for the heirs. Not only that for seven long years He made the soil in the land of Egypt to bring forth by handful, and then He had it stored away in granaries so it would keep good for the heirs, and then

He made it so the heirs had to get down to the corn, and He gave them Goshen, the richest province in all the kingdom, where they could raise sheep and eat corn and *live without care.*

*Have faith in God! The starry dome,
The verdant earth, each flowery plain,
The babbling brook—and all combined
A Father's love and power proclaim.
And not a sparrow to the ground
Can fall without His wise decree—
In Him shall light and life be found—
Have faith in God—He cares for thee!*

“As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the *Lord* is round about them that put their trust in *Him.*”

Dwell Alone. Get alone with *Him.* This is the one thing needed. I have had good times in the public worship, good times in the social services, the prayer and testimony meetings. God has blessed me so in preaching that I have actually thought if He blessed me any more I would not be able to endure it in the flesh; but the sweetest times in all my Christian experience have been when I was alone with Him in secret. When thou prayest enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father

which seeth in secret, and He shall reward thee openly. But to lie still in His presence, to let Him talk to you, to just know that it is God who is dealing with you in love, and you are alone with Him. You can tell Him things you would not tell anyone else, and He will tell you things He would not tell anyone else about you. A friend is one who knows *all* about you and still loves you, and the only one that I know of to whom that will apply is God. He's a Friend above all others. Oh, how He loves! His is love beyond a brother's. Oh, how He loves! Earthly friends may fail and leave you. This day kind—tomorrow grieve you; but this Friend will ne'er deceive you. Oh, how He loves! Take time to be alone with Him. I read some time ago if you have thirty minutes for the closet, take ten minutes to read the Word, ten minutes more to pray, and then *Ten Minutes* to be still, and let Him talk to you. This will be the sweetest part of the thirty minutes. Jesus often went up to the mountain tops to be alone with the Father. He went to the garden to talk with the Father. He went a stone's throw farther to be *alone* with Him, and pour out His heart in cries and tears. He left us an example, and we should follow in His footsteps. We may dwell *alone with Him*.

*"When storms of life around me beating,
And rough the path that I have trod,
Within my closet door retreating,
I love to be alone with God.
Alone with God, the world forbidden—
Alone with God, O blest retreat—
Alone with God and in Him hidden,
To find with Him communion sweet."*

XIV

HELL, A PLACE AND A STATE

"In hell he lifted up his eyes." (Luke 16:23.)

One time I was asked to go to see a man who was dying—an old man about eighty years of age. He did not want to see me, and I went there with the understanding that he did not want to see a preacher. I talked to him about preparation for the future, and he made this remark to me, "I had nothing to do with my coming here, and I have nothing to do with my going away, and as to whether there is any hereafter, I do not know." He said, "Nobody ever came back"—but there was where he was wrong. Somebody has come back. They were burying a man in the land where the old prophet Elisha was buried. They were carrying his corpse out when a number of raiders made their appearance, and these people were frightened and instead of putting the body in the grave allotted to it, they put it down in the grave where it touched Elisha's bones, and immediately the

corpse was brought to life. He came back, but we have no record that he told us anything about where he had been. I do not believe that a soul ever loses consciousness. I think it steps out of this life into the life to come; this body fails, but the life that has come to the soul never fails. Lazarus was four days in the other world. Jesus Christ stood in front of his sepulcher and called him forth, and he came, and he sat at the table with Jesus and ate with Him, and the people came to see the man who had been raised from the dead; but we have not a record of a single word that he ever said about the world beyond. Dorcas died; they sent for the Apostle and he came, and the women stood around showing the garments that she had made and were weeping, and the Apostle called her back to life; but not a single word is given—not a single utterance about the life beyond. Paul preached so long one night that a fellow who was sitting in the window went to sleep and fell out of the window, and they picked him up dead, and God through Paul restored him to life, but the man never told a word about the land to which he had been. Why? Because eternal verities are not to be proved by human testimony. There is a reason. "Neither will they believe though one was raised

from the dead." *And they did not.* All of our knowledge comes from the Word of God. I believe in the whole Gospel, a whole Christ, a whole heaven, and a whole hell. If there is no hell, there is no heaven. All that you know about heaven you get from that Word; all that you know about hell you get from that Book. Jesus Christ was the most gentle man that ever walked this earth, but he told the most terrible truths in regard to the fact of hell—he told us so that we might avoid it. It is not a threat; it is a warning. You take your Bibles and you read, "Hell hath enlarged herself." And again, "It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Who said so? Jesus. "And if thy foot offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter halt into life, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." "And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire: where their worm dieth

not, and the fire is not quenched." *Jesus Christ knew what He was talking about.*

Listen to my text, Jesus' words: "In hell he lifted up his eyes." Who was he? A church member. George Whitefield was preaching one time in Philadelphia in his inimitable manner, and he said, "Gabriel, are there any Methodists in heaven?" "No." "Any Presbyterians in heaven?" "No." "Any Baptists in heaven?" "No." And he might have said, "Any Holiness people in heaven?" "No." "Well, who have you there?" "All those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "Any Methodists in hell?" "Yes." "Any Presbyterians in hell?" "Yes." "Any Baptists in hell?" "Yes." "Any Holiness people in hell?" "Yes." *Your church membership will not save you; your profession will not save you; your mere testimony will not save you. The Bible says, "They were saved by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony," but the blood comes first. That is the teaching of God's Word. This man was a church member. Listen! I am not asking your pardon for saying so, I am not apologizing for the truth, I do not believe that half the people who make a profession of Jesus Christ have ever been saved, and I do not believe that*

half of the people who profess to having been sanctified have received the blessing. Why? "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" I labored with Dr. Keen a few years ago, and he has put it on record that 75 per cent of the church members that he prayed with when they were dying, he had to pray that they might be ready. Church members! This man was a church member. "In hell he lifted up his eyes." He had the Bible; had the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament; he had the Scriptures to which Jesus referred when He said, "Search the Scriptures, they are they which testify of me." These thirty-nine books testify of Jesus. This man had these books—had them in his home. He was an orthodox Jew; he was a member of the church, but he *died without any hope*, just as many a church member has died. It takes more than your name on the church record, it takes more than sprinkling a few drops of water on you or going in the river; it takes more than partaking of the sacraments to make a man a Christian. You can support the preacher, you can give your money to the church, you can make a profession, you can have a button in your buttonhole labeled, "Holiness unto the Lord," and die and go to hell. Bible Salvation is a life—just as good on Mon-

day as it is on Sunday; just as good in the middle of winter time as it is in Campmeeting season. Just as good when you are 1,000 miles away from campmeeting and the folks that know you—just as life-giving, just as soul sustaining, just as heaven-inspiring—as it is when you are surrounded by the saints. I enjoy Christian fellowship; I enjoy the songs of Zion. Sometimes I hardly know whether I am in the body or out of it when some saint of God gets hold in prayer and the skies begin to open and the glory flows; but God bless you! your salvation or mine does not depend on the number of Christians there are around us; it depends on our *personal relation to God*.

This man was a church member of good standing, but Jesus Christ, moving in the power of the Spirit, giving heaven-born truths into the world, Jesus Christ says, this man died and “in hell he lifted up his eyes.” Church member! Orthodox, good standing!

We know something of hell. In hell they see; they know heaven is afar off, and they know it is not for them. There is a legend, Tantalus ever standing with a fountain of water rising right up to his lips. He is thirsty, and oh, if he could only have a drink! if he could only have a

drink! He bends his body forward to take a drink of the water, and it recedes, and when he straightens up the water rises right up to his lips. Thirsty! Days, weeks, months without water! Moves forward again to take a drink and the water recedes, rises again and the water rises right to his lips, but the water is not for him. The lost in hell know that over yonder somewhere in God's great empire, there is a heaven, there is a place where the redeemed gather, where there is no night, where there is no sickness, where there are no tears, and they know it is *not for them!* Once they might have been saved, once they might have had the peace and joy of the redeemed, but it has gone by forever, and they are eternally lost. They know that in hell. Hell is no joke; hell is not a dream; hell is not an imagination. God tells us in His Word that there is a hell that awaits the man who rejects the truth of God. You do not have to get drunk, do not have to be an adulterer, do not have to be licentious, do not have to be unclean; you can be a good citizen, pay off your debts, live a moral life and die and go to hell simply because you reject Jesus Christ and refuse to walk in the light that God gives you. You can be very *respectable* and go to hell; you

can have the good opinion of your neighbors, and go to hell; you can be a good husband, and go to hell. Listen! God in His Word says to us, "*Because there is wrath, beware!*" The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness and ungodliness of man. It means something to be a Christian; it means something to live for God. Some people think that because they pay their debts and live an outwardly respectable life, that is about all that is required of them. Any honest man will pay his debts; morality is only another name for decency in sinning, and it has never saved anybody yet. The young man said, "All these have I kept from my youth up," yet came to Jesus and said, "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He *knew he did not have it*, and he was moral. Oh, it means something to live for God!

The lost in hell know the saints are at rest—know the enjoyment of heaven. There will be many a girl wake up in hell and say, "My mother is over there; she shed tears for me: she exhorted me, she lived for God before me, but I am lost forever." You say, "Look here, preacher; hell is the abode of spirits!" No, not alone; it is the abode of men who have *bodies* just as you and I have. You say, "You cannot prove it." There

is a *resurrection* of the just and unjust, a reuniting of soul and body; the soul and body will stand before the judgment seat of Jesus Christ, and the Judge will say, "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

Another thing they do in hell—they feel. This man in hell lifted up his eyes being in torment. He said, "I am tormented." That is a feeling. Tormented! "I might have been saved, but the harvest is past. I had conviction which was wrought by the Holy Ghost; I saw others going to the altar and praying through to victory, but I rejected Jesus, grieved the Holy Ghost, ignored the truth, and now I am lost in hell forever." Man is the author of his own damnation, man is fixing his own destiny by his actions in this life. God says so right here in His Word.

Another thing we know they do in hell—they *pray*—and, listen! I want you to get it—if the doctors did not drug you before you died, you would pray before you went to hell. Nine-tenths of the people who die today die drugged by the doctors, and pass out into eternity *unconscious*! If you did not give that drug to the sinner before the black demons who are waiting around his bedside began to take hold of him, he would

scream and cry to God for mercy. I was with a wounded soldier boy who was waiting for a car to come and take him to the hospital. I had to listen to that dying boy in blue: "O God! O God! O God! Have mercy on my soul!" There were a lot of soldier boys around there, but nobody laughed; there was silence—he was facing eternity—going out into eternity unsaved. I was nineteen years of age, and I can hear him yet: "O God! O God! O God! Have mercy on my soul!" Oh, if it were not for your drugs they would pray before they go to hell. This man in hell prayed. What for? *A drop of water!* Did not get it. Prayed for *mercy*. Did not get it. Mercy is offered here; mercy is all around us; grace has been provided, but when men reject the mercy and refuse the grace, they will wake up in hell and pray for mercy, and plead for grace—but mercy and grace are refused. This man prayed, but in hell *there is no answer*.

They are hopeless in hell; weeping, gnashing their teeth, biting their lips, chewing their tongues—hopeless, despairing, curse God, curse Jesus Christ, curse the Holy Ghost, curse the preacher that did not preach the truth, curse the church member who lived alongside of them and did not talk to them about their souls. Hell is

a place where hate reigns predominantly and eternally.

Hell is the prison house of the damned. I was in a city one time; I wanted my boy to see what sin would do for folks, so I took him into the jail. The little fellow clung to me and held on to my hand, never opened his mouth, just looked up in my face, looked at the jail, looked at the benches in the cells, looked at the cold, bare walls, looked at the prisoners, and he came out with a scared look on his face and never said one word. Hell, the prison house of the damned. No comfort, no joy, no peace, no communion, not even with one another. Curse God, curse each other. Hell is the prison house *of the damned!*

He was a church member, but he was in hell. May one time have had an experience, but he died without God and in hell he lifted up his eyes being in torment. In hell they want to die. Somebody told me one time, "An Englishman is dying over there; you go over and see him. He does not want to see you, but you go over and see him." I went and found that he was dying with a cancer, and every time a pain would strike him he would groan and would say, "I wish I had a knife!" And directly he would say,

"Oh, let me have a razor! Oh, if I had a razor I would stop this!" But, listen! no matter how terrible the paroxysms in hell, they never commit suicide. How many suicides in the United States last year? Suicides; but you cannot commit suicide in hell. They want to die in hell—and cannot.

Every man and woman here tonight is facing an eternal heaven or an eternal hell. Which way are you going? Can you stand up and say, "Yes, by the grace of God I am going to heaven; I have the witness of the Spirit that I am a child of God?" If you cannot, God help you! "The words that I speak unto you, they shall judge you in the last day." God says so. I am dealing with God's truth. I challenge any man in this room or anywhere else to come to my room and point out to me anything that I am preaching that is not the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Cannot repent in hell. The devil says, "There is time enough yet, time enough yet." But, listen! This man said, "Send Lazarus that he may warn my brothers that they may repent." He never says anything about repenting himself—he knows there is no repentance in hell. Oh, aren't they sorry in hell? Yes, but that is not repentance. Repentance is a *godly* sorry for sin.

There is no repentance in hell. That old Bible says, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, for he will have mercy and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." There is pardon; there is mercy. When? "*Now* is the accepted time; *now* is the day of salvation." "By the grace of God Jesus Christ tasted death for every man." "Whosoever will let him come." "Oh, if it is that easy, I can find God any time I want to." No, you cannot do it. There have been people here who have been coming and coming to the altar and are not saved yet; and I knew a girl who sought the Lord for six weeks, and finally she got through, and before the year was over I preached her funeral sermon. If you can be saved anytime, why was not that girl saved at the beginning, will you please tell me? You cannot be saved any time you please. There are *conditions* to be complied with. Dr. Chaplin was dying, and the agony was so great he said, "Oh, I pity any sinner that has to try to get ready at a time like this." My Bible says, "Now is the accepted time." My Bible says, "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh."

Listen! *There are no children in hell!* Say,

you remember when you stood in your parlor and looked down on the sweet little face in the white casket—the corpse of your child. You will never see it again. Listen, sinner—you will never see that child again! There are no children in hell. “There angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.” Jesus Christ who tells us there is a heaven and a hell, says of children, “Of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Listen, sinner! When you saw the little child in that casket in your parlor you took your last look at that little one you will ever have, for *there are no children in hell*. There are no homes in hell. Home is where love presides; home is where love reigns. There may be no piano, there may be no velvet carpet, there may be no paintings on the wall, but if there is love there, it is home; but *there are no homes in hell, for there is no love in hell*. Oh, we know something about hell; we know from this Word. Everyone that enters the eternal world saved through the blood of Jesus Christ have the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost. Love reigns in heaven—hate reigns in hell.

I saw a foretaste of hell one time. It was on a campground in Indiana. A young man came to the altar, knelt down and pulled out of

his pocket a bottle of morphine and handed it to my co-laborer, saying, "Take this; I do not want it any more." Brother L—— took it and providentially smashed it all to pieces. The next day Brother L—— saw that young man and he said, "How are you today?" "Not very well," and his nerves were twitching, but he said, "I am not going back to it." He knelt at the altar a second time and we prayed for him, but his nerves were all on fire. Sunday morning, the last day of the Camp, someone came around to our little cottage and said, "That young man is down here wanting morphine." I went down to where he was, and there he lay with his head pillowed on his mother's shoulder and he said, "I want morphine; I must have morphine." He said, "Brother, go harness up that horse; I will drive thirty miles. I know the doctor will give it to me. Great God, I am in hell! Great God, I want morphine!" His mother said, "Now, Everett, we will pray for you." Somebody said, "Look to Jesus." He said, "Oh, Jesus nothing!" They sent for the doctor and he said, "Doctor, give me a shot in there." Somebody said, "Don't you give him any; he has smashed his morphine bottle and is trying to break away from it. Don't you give it to him." He said, "Oh, I am dying; I am in

hell, and I have to have it! I have to have it!" I said, "There is a foretaste of hell." Oh, I saw that. But, listen! You cannot get morphine in hell. Oh, that is an example of hell! Make that eternal and multiply it by forever, and you have the agonies of the damned. God help us! Whatever your sin is, you had better repent of it, for it is sin that sends men to hell.

Over in Kentucky a member of the church lay on his death bed, and he realized he was dying and said, "I am lost! I am lost! I am lost!" His wife said, "No, husband, you are not lost. Oh, what could the church have done without you? You have been a stand-by to the church all these years. You are not lost." She sends over to get the preacher. He comes. "Husband says he is lost; comfort him." The preacher walks over and the man says, "I am lost! I am lost! I am lost!" The preacher says, "No, brother, you are not lost. You have been the pillar of the church on which it could depend." He walked away and said, "He is delirious." He said, "I am not delirious; you are my pastor; that man there owned the farm next to me when I was farming in the country. There is my wife sitting there. Don't tell me I am delirious; don't tell me of my church work. I am lost! I am dy-

ing and going to hell, and I am a church member." So was this man, and in hell he lifted up his eyes. Bunyan says, "There is a way to hell from the very gate of heaven."

XV

AFTER THIS——

“It is appointed unto man once to die, but after this——” (Heb. 9:27).

God's appointments always come round. When Captain Scott, the intrepid Englishman who went into the Anarctic regions hoping to discover the South Pole, he made all the arrangements for success that human wisdom and forethought could devise; he had relays of provisions left for them on their return, he had engaged a party to come in time to a certain place to meet them. He went south, was bitterly disappointed to find a Scandinavian explorer had been there and left the evidence of his discovery. He started with his companions on the way back, came midst the most terrific storms man had ever encountered, and found that someone had failed him. He laid down to die and before passing away he wrote in his diary, “We did the best we knew, made all the arrangements that experience and wisdom of man could devise, but

our appointments have failed." Valiant man, brave heart, must die disappointed because man's appointments fail! *But God's never fail!* It is not only appointed that man shall die, but after this there is an appointment that all must reach and meet. *After* life, after the Gospel, after the last sermon has been heard, after the last conviction has been wrought in the heart by the Holy Ghost, after you have attended the last meeting, heard the last prayer, after the sight of your loved ones has faded out from your vision, after the last pressure of the hand, after the last goodbye, after the death damp has been wiped from your brow, after the doctor says, "He is gone." *What then?*

Oh, yes; this does concern you; it is the appointment that God has made for you. Death is on your track—nearer *now* than ever before. How old are you? Twenty years? Death has gained twenty years on you. Fifty years old? Death has gained fifty years on you. Does not concern the young so much? Oh, it surely does; there are more young folks die than any others. Half of the race die before they are fifteen years old. The average age of the remainder is thirty-eight years. Only one person in five hundred reaches the age of sixty-five. Your pulse is beat-

ing funeral marches to the grave. Hear the poet as he sings the truth that *you* do not want to hear, you do not like to think about. You may as well acknowledge it, you do not like to hear such sermons as I am preaching; you want bouquets and rosewater; you forget that the man who is called of God to preach the Gospel is called to preach *not* what you want to hear, but *what you ought to hear*. The poet was true to human experience:

*Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible.
A moment's time, a moment's space,
'Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.*

Death is an enemy. I read the other day one of the maxims of the Duke of Wellington, and it read like this: "Never undervalue your enemy." Death is a monster, the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. God's Word for it—and you *must* meet death. Think of it now, hear the Master say, "Be ye also ready for in such an hour as you think not," you must meet this enemy.

*"My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Damnation and the dead.
 What horrors seize a guilty soul,
 Upon a dying bed."*

*"But O the soul where vengeance reigns,
 It sinks with groans and endless cries;
 It rolls amidst the burning flames,
 In endless woes and agonies.
 There swallowed up in darkest night
 Where devils howl and thunders roar,
 To rage in keen despair and guilt,
 When thousand thousand years are o'er."*

Death is an hour of testing. Testing even to saints. Thomas Walsh, one of Wesley's preachers, was on his death bed and the enemy had pursued him to the very end. He cried to God in agony of soul for deliverance, and He heard and the shadows fled away. But what must it be to the sinner who has failed to make the needed preparation for the hereafter. I was called once to see a man who was in the agonies of death. It was an awful scene, but all the agonies of the body can never atone for the sins of the soul. A woman was dying and she said to the doctor, "I will give you half of what I am worth if you will prolong my life six months." He

replied, "Madam, I have medicine to dispense, but I cannot dispense time." But after the six months are gone, *what then?* Louis the Fourteenth said when dying, "The thoughts of the past trouble me." A man went to a campmeeting and was wonderfully wrought upon by the Holy Spirit. When approached by one of the workers he said, "I have no time for religion. I am very busy." But he had to take time to die; then he was troubled because at that meeting he had said no to God, and he declared with his dying breath, "God left me that night." But will you please get the thought, the agony of the intense regret at that solemn moment did not atone for the sin in rejecting the call of the Spirit. Dr. Ichabod Spencer tells us in his book, "A Pastor's Sketches," of a Universalist who on his death bed renounced his universalism and exhorted his son to follow his mother's teaching. He said: "Die? I will not. I spurned my mother's prayers; I was mean to my godly wife, and now hell is my doom forever." His wife exhorted him to pray; Dr. S. pointed him to Jesus; but all of no avail. His past rejections of the Christ seemed to appall his soul, and he died in despair and without any hope or any repentance. But *after this*—what then? We all must die because one

man sinned, and so death passed upon all men for that all men have sinned; but please remember that judgment is *personal*. The sinner and the saint will appear in the eternal world just exactly as they were when they left this one. Same person, same character, same record for God to scan. Then man will reap just exactly as he sowed, and just *what* he sowed. *The past determines the future*. On the night of the fourteenth of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, Abraham Lincoln went to the theater to see a play called "Our American Cousin." He sat in a private box, and while there Wilkes Booth came along the corridor, entered the box and shot the President right behind the right ear. The bullet destroyed the nerves of sensation and the nerve of motion. Mr. Lincoln never knew what struck him. He was carried across the street into a house where he died at eight twenty the next morning. Booth made his escape, jumping from the box to the floor of the stage, his stirrup catching in the flag which draped the box, caused him to fall and sprain his ankle. He made his way out of the rear of the theater, mounted a horse that was ready for him, and went across the long bridge into Virginia. The U. S. Calvary were on his track and they overtook him in a

barn in a little village in the rear of Fredericksburg, where he was lying wounded. The orders to the soldiers were not to shoot, as they wanted to take him alive; but a fanatic named Boston Corbett fired from his carbine and the bullet entered right behind the right ear, exactly where Booth's ball struck Mr. Lincoln, with this difference, only one nerve was destroyed—the nerve of motion. Booth could not move a limb, but he knew all that was transpiring; he was reaping what he sowed and more than he sowed. He died knowing the way of the transgressor is hard, and *the end is harder*. After this a judgment for deeds done in the body. Every word, every thought, every secret thing. God *sees* and *knows* and *hears*, and *keeps* the record. For every abused privilege we shall give an account, and let us remember that *unused* privileges are *abused* privileges. What have you done with time? How did you spend it? What use did you make of the Word given to you. Oh, eternity will be an awful eternity to the man who has simply neglected his privileges. I am convinced after a ministry of over forty-five years, that the preachers of today are not making enough of eternal verities. The people have heaped to themselves teachers, because they want

their ears tickled. There are very few who are in the same rank with the eloquent Frenchman who said, "When I endeavor to represent eternity, I avail myself of whatever I can conceive most firm and durable. I heap imagination on imagination, conjecture on conjecture. I go from one age to the time of publishing the Gospel, then to the publication of the law, and from the law to the flood, and from the flood to creation. I join this epoch to the present time, and I imagine Adam yet living. Had Adam lived till now, and had he lived in misery, had he passed all his time on a rack, or in a fire, what an idea must we form of his condition? At what price would we agree to expose ourselves to miseries so great? What imperial glory would appear glorious were it followed by so much woe; yet this is not eternity—all this is nothing in comparison with *Eternity*. I go further still. I proceed from imagination to imagination, from supposition to supposition, I take the greatest number of years that can be imagined. I add ages to ages, millions of ages to millions of ages. I form of all these one mixed number, and I stay my imagination. After this I suppose God to create a world like this which we inhabit. I suppose Him creating it by forming one atom

after another, and employing in the production of each atom the time fixed in my last calculation. What a numberless sum of ages would the production of **such a world in such a manner** require? Then I suppose the Creator to arrange these atoms and to pursue the plan of arranging them as of creating them. Finally, I suppose Him to annihilate the whole, observing the same method in the dissolution as in the creation and disposition of the whole. What an immense duration would be consumed—and yet, *this is not eternity*—it is only a point in comparison thereof. Reaping time is coming and it is an *eternal reaping!* One night passed in a burning fever, or in struggling among the waves of the sea, between life and death, appears of immense length. It seems to the sufferer as if the sun had forgotten its course, and as if all the laws of nature itself were subverted. What then will be the state of these victims to Divine displeasure, who after they shall have passed through the ages we have just described, will be obliged to make this awful reflection, “All this is but an atom of our misery.” What will their despair be when they shall be forced to say to themselves, “Again we must revolve through these enormous periods, again we must suffer the privation of celestial

happiness, devouring flames again, cruel remorse again, crimes and blasphemies again and again—for ever and for ever.” These chains *forever!* Oh, the absorbing periods of eternity, accumulated ages upon myriads of ages, these will be the *forever* of the *lost!*

We must get rid of all contraband goods if we would avoid the agonies of the damned. All sin, all anger, pride, malice, unforgiveness, all slanderous words. I was one time crossing the border, and the porter came to me and said, “Captain, if you do not want to be awakened when the inspectors come through, just open your suitcase and I will look after it and close it up after inspection.” I did not fear any inspection, and so did as he told me; but across the aisle there was a man who had something of which he was in doubt about its passing. He had quite a time with the conductor, telling him and asking for information. Well, God will be the Inspector and it becomes us to be careful, for after this there will nothing pass that He hates—and the only thing that God hates is *sin* in the heart—and it will not escape His all-searching eye. The history of the heart will be laid open, and how can men hope to escape when every day he carries around with him the evidence of his fall;

for whether he likes to think of it or not, a suit of clothes on the individual is evidence he belongs to a fallen race; for when man was innocent he wore no clothes and did not know he was naked. With sin came shame, and man finally got to a place where sin had wrought such havoc with him that he could not blush. God says so in His Word. Read your Bibles and see.

After this, man will be judged for what he *did not do*. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him *it is sin*. Knowledge without action is simply good for nothing. Live up to what *you* know, or it is so much the worse for you. You might have repented and you did not. You did not seek God, you did not mind the Spirit, you did not improve the time, you did not obey God, you did not pray, you did not do good when you knew what good was; and let me say right here, the church of Jesus Christ will be judged by the same rule. To the church that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, *to that church it is sin*. We preach to the world around us and we ignore the truths we preach, forgetting, apparently, that as we measure out to others it will be measured to us. We preach, "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His." Please apply that to the church today.

“If any church have not the Spirit of Christ it is none of His.” It works both ways. Every coin has two sides to it, and every truth that we preach we should preach to ourselves first. The church must live the truth it professes; it must back up the pulpit *by a life*. I am heartily in sympathy with Mr. Spurgeon when he condemns the relation of past sins with the gusto that some folks have. *Sin* is awful, and no saint of God can look upon the sins of the past with any complacency. Let me give you Mr. Spurgeon’s exact words. You may not like them, but I do, and if you do not, it is evidence *you* need them. “I must confess that I am shocked with some people I know who glibly rehearse their past lives up to the time of their supposed conversion, and talk of their sins, which they hope have been forgiven them, with a smack of their lips as though there was something fine in having been such an offender. I hate to hear a man speak of his experience in sin as a Greenwich pensioner might talk of Trafalgar and the Nile. The best thing to do with our past sins, if it be forgiven, is to bury it. Yes, and let us bury it as they used to bury suicides, let us drive a stake through it, in horror and contempt, and never set up a monument to its memory. If you ever do tell any-

thing of your youthful wrongdoing, let it be with blushes and tears, with shame and confusion of face, and always speak of it to the honor of the infinite mercy which forgave you. Never let the devil stand behind you and pat you on the back and say, 'You did me a good turn in those days.' Oh, it is a shameful thing to have sinned, a degrading thing to have lived in sin, and it is not to be wrapped up into a story telling and told out as an exploit, as some do. 'The old man is crucified with him who boasts of being related to the crucified felon. If any member of your family had been hanged, you would tremble to hear anyone mention the gallows, you would not run about and say, 'Do you know I had a brother hanged at Newgate?' Your old man of sin is hanged; do not talk about him, but thank God it is so, and as He blots out the remembrance of it, do you the same, except so far as it makes you humble and grateful." I remember reading once of a man in the Pacific Garden in Chicago, who was in the habit of going over his past life and telling folks how mean he had been, but one night he came to the meeting and told the folks he would never do so again, for he had read in the Word where God said, "I will remember them no more against you," "and," said he, "if

God will not mention them, I will not." To him that knoweth to do good to him it is *sin*. Let us avoid *sin* in every particular.

After this, a life spent in *sin*, comes the *Justice* of the Infinite God, and as sure as the Bible is the Word of God, it means punishment for sin, and as the sinner in eternity is always a sinner, it means he is always punished; or, in other words, it is a punishment that is eternal. Men have been known to sneer at this doctrine, everywhere but on a death bed. There they have felt, if conscious at all, it is an awful thing to fall into the hands of the living God. Human opinions and human feelings have no bearing on this doctrine. Albert Barnes once wrote some truths that are worth the consideration of every sane person: "The Bible travels on from age to age, bearing the same fearful doctrine, and is unchanged in its warnings and appeals. Some of each generation listen, are admonished, and saved. The rest pass on and die. *Human opinions do not alter facts*. Human opinion does not remove death beds, and graves and sorrows, nor will it remove and annihilate a world of woe. Facts stand unchanged by the changes of human belief, and fearful events roll on just as though man had expected them. Nine-tenths of all the

dead expected not to die at the time when in fact they died, and more than half listen now to no admonition that death will ever come. They who have died had an expectation that they would live many years. But death came. *He was not stayed by their belief or unbelief. He came steadily on.* Each day he took a stride toward them, step by step he advanced, so that they could not evade or retreat until he was near enough to strike, and they fell. And so, though the living will not hear, death comes to them. And *so* the doom of the sinner rolls on. Each day, each hour, each moment it draws nearer. Whether he believes it or not it makes no difference in the fact—it comes. It will not recede. In spite of all attempts to reason, or to forget it, the time comes, and at the appointed time the sinner dies. Cavil and ridicule do not affect this. *There is no power in a joke to put away fevers or convulsions and groans.* The laugh and the song close no grave, and put back none of the sorrows of the second death. The dwellers in Pompeii could not put back the fires of the volcano by derision, nor would the mockery of the inhabitants of Sodom have stayed the sheet of flame that came from heaven. The scoffing sinner dies and is lost just like others. The young

man who has learned to cavil and deride religion dies just like others. No cavil has yet changed a fact, none has ever stayed the arrow of death." God's Word is true, the comforting parts of it are true, and the more terrible passages are equally true. Man dies. God said this would be his portion if he transgressed the command. God appointed the time for man to die, and the very same One has said, *AFTER THIS*, after death there is a settling time, an award for the deeds done in this life; there is a second death, an eternal separation from God, and good folks and angels, and heaven; and it means a lake of fire, outer darkness, weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; it means the company of the damned in hell forever, whoremongers, debauchees, lost spirits, angels who fell, the beasts and false prophets, are one and yet never one, for there is no unity in hell. As Dr. Munsey says, "Hell is a world of ugly ruins shrouded in night's blackest pall, where no one of the damned has a friend, and filled with cursings and strife, and where all ranks and sexes are herded in one promiscuous mob with foulest demons, and where every stinking cave is inhabited with fiends and gnashing ghosts, and on whose black crags the ravens of despair sit and croak, and

where God's eternal justice plies His burning whip and remorse lays on his fiery thongs, the flashes of whips and thongs their only light—world without end.”

His thoughts troubled him. . . . (Dan. 5:6).

Why should a king be troubled? He was the monarch of the mightiest kingdom in the earth. He was surrounded by fawning courtiers, nobility, an army, and lived in a palace with a treasury at his command. Lords and ladies waited on him. He lived in a city the walls of which were one hundred and fifty feet high. They were so broad that four chariots could drive abreast on their top, and yet this king was troubled. He was strong, physically, in the prime of life, hearty and well—but he was much troubled. Same reason that you should be if you are not. He was doing what you, sinner, are doing today, he was trifling *with sacred things*. His father had led an army to the Holy Land, sacked the city, robbed the temple, brought the vessels dedicated to sacred uses back to the capitol city, and now midst all the drunken revelry that went with a Babylonian banquet, he commanded the holy vessels to be brought out, and he was about to drink from them when *God showed His hand*.

Did you ever stop to think that there is nothing

really secular? 'All things are sacred, because they have a relation to God and eternity. Whatsoever we do we are to do it as unto the Lord. There is nothing that is trifling. Apeles engaged on a painting was very particular as to all the details of his subject, and one asked him, "Why do you pay so much attention to trifles?" and he answered, "I am painting for eternity." *We* are living for eternity. There are two classes of people in this world—timests and eternalists; this worldly, and the other worldly. When a celebrated sculptor was working on a statue, he paid much attention to the hairs on the head, and some bystander said, "No one will see them," and he said, "Yes, the gods will see them." God sees and knows and *notes* down all that we do and all that we say, and all that we think, and *wherever* we go and *who* we are with, and *why* we are there; and in due time *He* will have something to say, and something to *do*. With this king the time was ripe for God to take part; many years had rolled away, but He remembered and this night He showed His hand. You remember that we sing, "It was the hand of God on the wall," and the poet was right. *God* wrote His verdict on the wall, *Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting*. Weighed in *God's* balances.

Did you ever think that like the messengers of old to whom the king trusted the gold and silver, that we, too, must "*weigh in at Jerusalem?*" It will matter then very little what men have thought and said about you, but it will be immensely important what God thinks just then; and please get the thought that I believe the Holy Ghost wants you to have at this time, *God will always show His hand*, and in the nearing of death and eternity the sinner's *thoughts* will always trouble him.

A few years ago man stood before the altar to be wedded to a fair girl to whom he pledged faith and loyalty. For years they worked together to acquire a competency, but failed, and were seventy thousand dollars worse off than nothing. But again they faced the world with new and other propositions, and fortune smiled on them; wealth flowed in, and the world was at their feet. He had an office and business and a private secretary, and she a woman, young and beautiful. In process of time the wife was divorced, and it follows she was brokenhearted, for the money she received could not heal the wounds that scarred her heart. The young and fairer woman now became the wife before the law, and with wealth at their command they went

where they pleased, gratified every desire, feasted their eyes, and all that allured, but soon the former wife died, and now there came a *face*, the *face of the dead* between the things the world offered and this man, *and his thoughts troubled him*. He went hither and thither, but he saw the face, and carried his thoughts with him. There came a time when God showed His hand, uttered His thunders in this man's conscience, until one day, to get rid of the thoughts that troubled him, he committed suicide, went into eternity by his own hand—*and he is thinking yet*. Man cannot get rid of God. The Psalmist said, "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth, there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand shall uphold me. If I make my bed in hell thou art there."

A manufacturer beginning business promised God while on bended knees in prayer that if He prospered him he would give Him one-tenth of all that he made. The Lord heard and answered him, and money flowed in until that man was giving God five thousand dollars a year, and then the devil of greed whispered, "You are giving too much. Where are there others who are giving as much as you?" And he listened and said to himself, "I can put that in my business and increase my capital." But God who heard

his prayer heard him thinking, and saw him acting out his thoughts, and one night that man woke up and his room was all illuminated and looking out of his window he saw that God was withdrawing from the partnership—just showing His hand, taking out His goods. Oh, do not forget it! You can raise more cotton, you can build more and larger barns, but as sure as you are a foot high God will be reckoned with. He will show His hand. You are making a record for Divine inspection and *you* cannot blot it out. Pilate wrote above the crucified Christ, "Jesus, the King of the Jews," and the Jewish officers came to him and complained, saying, "Write He said 'I am King of the Jews.'" But Pilate answered, "*What I have written I have written.*" So it is with you, with all of us; our record is indelible, and nothing but the blood of Jesus Christ can ever cancel it. What *we* have written we have written, and God sees it and will settle with us. It is the *yesterdays* that trouble the sinner, and the *tomorrow* Judgment Day.

What might have been troubles the sinner. To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. God said so in the past and says so *today*. I did not make these facts; He made them and *you* must face them. It might have

been so different with all of us if we had only minded God. The record might have been so different. A Chicago doctor paid attention to another woman than his wife, and led by his lusts ran off to the Pacific Coast with her. His wife went after him, asked him to come back and live as a decent man and husband should do, and she would forgive him. He came, and then, womanlike, the wife paid the fare back to Chicago of the woman who had been with him. In a few years he was running with her again, and the wife secured a divorce, the doctor then marrying his former paramour. For fifteen years they lived together in a Chicago home of wealth and splendor, but one day a pistol shot was heard, the wife ran into the parlor, and there on the velvet carpet laid the doctor. The neighbors ran in and found her wringing her hands and saying, "Oh, he would not forget; he would think!" *He could not forget.* God would not let him. The past troubled him, his thoughts troubled him and over yonder he is troubled yet.

Faces of the dead trouble some folks. A thoughtless husband, fond of stag parties, often went off and left his wife alone in the home. But perhaps you do not know what a stag party is. Well, you ought to know, and I will tell you.

It is a party where there are no women, where women are not wanted; and whenever you find anything of that kind, there is some devilry going on, generally. Men always need the refining presence of the other sex. Place a lot of men together away from home, and their morals degenerate, and as a consequence of degenerated morals there is conversation that is not fit for print. Every old soldier knows this to be true. There is more devilry going on in the army where there are all men, and results show it, than society ever dreamed of. Put an army in camp near a city and as a consequence the birth-rate in that city increases. Statistics in the past have proved it. This man went off on stag parties so often that one time when he returned, his wife said, "Oh, husband, I do wish you would stay home some with me." And the brute said, "What do you want? Haven't you got a good home? If you want more money, say so, and you can have it." He seemed not to know that four square walls do not make a home. One time he went off to the woods with one of his stag parties, and while he was gone she was taken sick, and in a few days died. Wire could not reach him. Mails could not, so when he came back he looked on a face in a coffin, a face that

was to haunt him in all the coming years. Through with stag parties now, when it was too late. Mourns now, stays home now, when it is too late. Oh, no, Mr. Longfellow, you are wrong; there is no "*dead past*"—the past is very much alive until there is repentance and it goes under the blood.

Faces of the dead? Yes, photographed by memory in the indelible of eternity. A woman was left with several children. The bread winner was lying out in yonder graveyard, and she determined she would keep them together, cost what it might. You know that a woman will keep the children together when a man can see no way to do it. This mother kept them, trained them, worked hard to educate them, saw them all married and prospering. The eldest took her home, just as he should have done; no man can neglect his mother and have the blessing of the God of the skies rest upon him. After some years she was on her death bed. The children were all there, lovingly watching and ministering to her, "Mother, you have always been a good mother to us." She turned her old gray head towards him, looked him clear through and said, "*John, you never said so before.*" The poor old soul had longed for some *words* of appreciation, but they

had not come. True she had a good home, all that money could buy, but she wanted to hear something, some words that never came, till the end was near. See that face? Yes. Troubled by the memory? Oh, yes. Say, young man, go to see your mother; write her a letter—say a love letter—she is your best girl; tell her what her heart longs to hear, and you will feel better.

Opportunities gone haunt the sinner, and they come back only in the memory. Just to think, the Man of Calvary, He of the nail-pierced hand, has stood and knocked at the door of your heart. He whom angels worshiped, who had all the glories of heaven as His own, before He came to this world, knocks, again and again at the door of *your* heart, and says, "If any man will hear my voice, and open unto me I will come in and sup with him and he with *Me*." And yet men bar Him out, keep him standing there with the dews upon His head, but still pleading to come in, standing there until at last He goes away, driven by neglect and coldness and wickedness, to return no more forever. A woman missed her daughter one night, missed her for six long years, sought her every place, until all the money was gone, and heart still breaking. One night she walked into a police station, saw

the chief, told him the story, and the police officer guessed the rest—and guessed correctly. He said to her, “Go home and bring me your photograph and I will see what I can do.” A few hours more and she was there handing a photo to the chief, who looking at it said, “This is not you.” And she replied with choking voice, “That is my picture as I was when she went away. If I was to give you my picture as I am now, she would not know it.” The chief took the picture down to the red-light district, saw the proprietor of a dance hall where the women of the town were in the habit of going, and told him to hang the picture up on one of the pillars of the room. He did so and it hung there several months. One night he came into the hall about twelve o’clock at night and saw a number of the girls looking down on the floor. He went to them and said, “What is the matter?” And the reply was, “Nellie has fainted.” “What made her faint?” “Why, she saw that picture.” The man gathered her up in his arms, took her down to his auto, and started with her somewhere, when the cool air restored her to consciousness and she asked, “Where are you taking me?” “I am taking you to your mother. Be still—I know the whole story. Your mother is waiting for you.” They

reached the home, the mother was waiting, and soon she was back again in the arms of a mother whose love had never once failed. The sight of that mother's face won her back to love and home. But oh, the grief of it! Nineteen centuries ago the God of the universe so *loved* that He allowed His own Son to hang on that middle cross for six mortal hours, nailed there by your sins and mine, and yet men today, *sinners*, are trampling the blood of Jesus under their feet, are counting it a common thing. Calvary is in the world's vision today, but men see it not, pass it by. God commended His love, but man today ignores the Christ, and goes on to sin and death.

Remembered sins haunt the sinner. Like Banquo's ghost, they will not down. A few years ago a murder was committed at Blue Island. A man who once boarded with an old resident and his granddaughter who kept house for him, after a year's absence came back and asked again for the privilege of boarding with them. The old man said, "Just as daughter says." She replied, "He can have his old room." So he took possession. In the course of time he ascertained the old man had some money, which he kept in the mattress on his bed. One night the boarder came downstairs in his stocking feet, went out into

the woodshed, got the ax, entered the room, smashed in the head of the man, then killed the granddaughter, and was putting his hand under the mattress to take the money when a dog barked, and thinking the neighbors were aroused, he left hastily and without the money. For a year he went over the West, working here and there, until one day he walked into the police station at Chicago and accosting the desk sergeant he said, "I want to give myself up." "What for?" asked the officer. "For murder," said the culprit. "Where?" was the next question. "At Blue Island, one year ago I murdered an old man and his granddaughter." "What brought you back?" "I will tell you. When I took the old man's life I was after the money he had in his mattress. I reached my hand out to take it when I heard a dog bark. I left, thinking the neighbors were aroused, and went West, but no matter where I went I could hear that dog bark. I would lie down at night and wake up startled by the barking of the dog. I have come back to get rid of that dog's bark." Every sinner has a dog on his track. Memory will haunt him; aye, he has a pack of hounds on his track; memory and conscience will never cease

to bark, and only by repentance towards God can an evil conscience be purged.

There will come to every sinner to trouble him the memory of opportunities that he murdered. Off the coast of Scotland there was a bell buoy, placed there by the government of Great Britain to warn the sailor in times of fog. One day a young man in a sheer spirit of recklessness destroyed the bell buoy and the government never replaced it. The young man became a sailor; after a while was a captain and sailing his vessel off the coast of Scotland he was caught in a dense fog, and his vessel wrecked; his life was lost and some rescued sailors said that he kept crying, "Oh, for the bell buoy," but he had destroyed it years before.

Many a sinner when the cold hand of death comes feeling round his heartstrings will cry for the sermon he once sneered at, will long for an altar call and a mourners' bench, and the prayers of the saints, but they will never come back.

A coming judgment haunts the sinner, troubles the sinner. It is not death that men fear. *It is what comes after death.* Man will meet all his sinful record at the judgment. "Know thou, that for *all these things* God will bring thee to

judgment.” And the Christ that men reject to-day will be the Judge. The person you do not want to see is not the person that injured you, but the one you have injured. And the sinner has injured Jesus, insulted Him, turned Him away. Did you ever read Whittier’s “Skipper Ireton?” He tells of the Skipper of a fishing vessel that went out at the beginning of the season to fish. The skipper getting the first catch of fish and first back to Marblehead, would get the highest prices. Ireton secured his haul of fish and was on the way back when he saw a fishing vessel wrecked, and the crew in the water. As he drew near they begged him to take them on, but he, intent on the gold, passed them by, leaving them to die. His crew told the story, and the women of Marblehead, widows of the sailors he passed by, tarred and feathered him, rode him on a rail, but Whittier makes Ireton to say, “It is not the reproach of the tar and feathers, nor the riding on the rail that stings me, but I see the faces of the men I left to drown, the white hands uplifted, the dying cry for help.” So the sinner all through the ages of eternity will see the face of the mother who prayed, the wife who wept, the children who fasted, that he might be saved. He will think of the Christ who died for him, and

his thoughts will trouble him, and never, never will there come a time when he will cease to think, to regret, to curse himself and his own folly.

But now listen while I tell you that *you* can get rid of all the sins of the past. Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be whiter than snow; though they be crimson yet shall they be as wool. He is able to save to the uttermost *all* them that come, and He says, "Him that cometh I will in nowise cast out." Make Jesus your Friend, make Him your Advocate. Let your Elder Brother plead your case. Mr. Moody was one time holding a meeting that was so largely attended the authorities forbade any more being allowed in the building. An usher was stationed at the door to keep folks out. A lady of the town got out of her carriage, walked up to the door as though all she had to do was to ask and she would be admitted, but the usher kindly told her there was no room for her. But I am Mrs. ——. No difference; Mrs. —— could not get in; the orders were to be obeyed. The Representative in Congress of that District walked up and said, "I am Mr. ——, of this District, and being in the city a few days I thought I would like to hear Mr. Moody," and he presented his card; but it

was no use—no one admitted. Then came the Mayor of the City, and he was sure of admittance; he told who he was, but no, sir, he, too, was denied. Just then came a seedy-looking man up to the usher and he said, "I want to get in and hear Mr. Moody," and he was told it was too late; the building was crowded and no more were to be admitted. But he said, "Yes, I will see him; tell Mr. Moody his brother George is at the door." The usher walked up the aisle, told Mr. Moody, who said, "My brother George at the door? *Let him in.*" And he came in. Mr. Moody had just left his own chair to begin his sermon, and he told George to sit down on his chair. So it will be with you if you make Jesus your Elder Brother. I expect that each saint will have the enemy to object to his entrance to the City of God, into the temple of God, but I am sure the Word teaches that He will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," and He will rise from His throne and tell them to sit down, for even as He overcame so have they overcome through His blood and the Word of their testimony, and shall sit down with Him on His throne.

Old John Burns was the citizen hero of Gettysburg. When the battle was on the Confederates having invaded Pennsylvania, he took his

old squirrel rifle and went out on the firing line and pumped lead into the ranks of the enemy until he was wounded. The press of the North lauded the old hero to the skies, called him all the good names they could think of. Abraham Lincoln, the President, heard of Burns and his deed, and sat down and wrote, "Mr. Burns, Gettysburg, Pa., Dear sir : I have heard of your conduct at Gettysburg, and I write to assure you I would be very glad to welcome you to Washington, and in the White House anytime you may be pleased to come. Yours, A. Lincoln." You may be sure John Burns was pleased to go. He got out his best bib and tucker, his old Prince Albert coat, brushed up his old silk hat, and went to Washington. The usher at the White House door met him and asked his name. "I am John Burns, of Gettysburg." "Welcome, sir ; we are expecting you." He went in, met Mr. Lincoln, who made him feel at home, and took him to church the next day. As they walked up the aisle they were the observed of all observers. The obsequious usher bowed Mr. Lincoln into the pew, but when old John Burns attempted to follow, the usher said, "No, no, old man ; you cannot go in there." But Mr. Lincoln reached out his long arm and said, "He is *my* old man ; let him

in." And in he went. So I am believing the enemy who is an accuser of all the brethren, of every child of God, will follow clear to the gates of the City, he will accuse of all the sins that ever were committed, all the mistakes that ever were made, will say, "He belongs to me; he has no right in there." But the Christ of Calvary who died to save, and who heard you down at that mourners' bench, will say, "*He is Mine. Let him in.*" And then with all the *blood-washed* saved to all eternity, you will go in to go out no more *forever*, and with the saints of all ages you will be "transported your Lord and your Savior to greet." Thank God for *Jesus*, thank God for the *Blood*, thank God for the *Holy Spirit*, thank God for the *Word*, which is the power of God *unto salvation to everyone that believeth. Praise His Name Forever!*

XVI

THREE WONDERFUL DAYS

"Day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6:2). *"Day of Redemption"* (Eph. 4:30). *"Day of Judgment"* (2 Peter 2:9).

The day of salvation is not a period of twenty-four hours; it is not to be measured by time, for it began in a timeless eternity, before time began. It dates from that period when in the council chambers of the Godhead there came one who said, "Lo, I came to do thy will, O God; a body hast Thou prepared me." Before man fell, God knew he would fall and made provision for his salvation. Before the morning stars sang together, or even an angel's wing had fanned the viewless ether, He had a plan for the deliverance of a lost race. Angels desired to look into it, but could not comprehend the love that provided it. The old poet was right when he said, "the first archangel never saw so much of God before." Angels could not save, none but God could devise a plan that would meet the need. As

the Englishman wrote, "He who best the vantage might have taken, found out the remedy." The Son of God, the Fellow of Jehovah, the Second Person in the Trinity, took upon Himself our nature, stooped down to our low estate that we might be redeemed.

This salvation is a salvation from sin; not primarily from hell, but from sin. I once saw a minister in my audience, and out of courtesy I asked him to come on the platform and lead in prayer. His whole prayer was that God would save people from hell, and all the time that he was praying I was revolting against it, because I do not believe that Jesus died to save men from hell—but from the *sin* that sends them to hell. When we talk about sin, we are talking about something that all know about, for all have sinned, and the glad tidings of salvation declare a Savior who came to save from sin in this life here and *now*. I want to go even farther than that and say on the authority of the Word, man must quit sinning, go out of the sinning business altogether, before God will save him, for sin is the only thing that God hates. It crucified the Son of God, it robs heaven, populates hell, fills prisons, and dance halls, and theaters, and houses of lust, and dishonors the Holy Ghost and the

Word. *Sin* separated the first man from God, and it is the only thing that will or can. Listen to the Word: "Your *sins* have separated you from Me."

Sin burdens the conscience. Some few years ago the Treasurer of the United States received a letter from a conscience-stricken man who had been a quartermaster during the Civil War, and it read something like this: "During the late war I was a quartermaster and I robbed the Government of three thousand dollars. It has been such a burden in my conscience ever since that I herein restore the principal and interest to date." Along with this in the Treasury is one that reads, "Please find enclosed *five cents*. I used as postage a two-cent stamp that had formerly done service. I want to get right with God, and this has bothered me ever since I committed the sin." It is not the amount, it is the *sin*. Conscience never sleeps. A boy one time went up to a baker's wagon and stole some cookies therefrom, and twenty years after that boy wrote a letter acknowledging the sin, and paid for the cookies. I was preaching in Troy, Ohio, and a young man came to me and said, "You only got me in one thing. I have to pay for some water-melons I stole sometime ago." Folks laugh at

that as though stealing melons was a joke; but theft will send a soul to hell, whether it is a watermelon or a bank. *Sin* is sin, and must be repented of. There was a young girl who worked in a food factory as clerk. She stole money time and again and placed it away. After a while she became alarmed and altered her books, and then, fearing the books would be examined, she went down to the office and set fire to the desk, intending to destroy the books, which she did, and the office and the factory. In a few years she was married to an estimable young man and she surprised him with the prodigality with which she spent money and purchased furniture and a piano. He said to her, "Why, where did you get all this money." And she replied, "I worked for it, was saving, and had it in the bank." One month there was a revival came to that town, right down from heaven. It had been prayed down, and that kind of a revival always uncovers sin, and alarms the conscience of the wrongdoer. This young wife got under awful conviction, and one day when her husband came home she said, "I have a confession to make to you, husband. I stole all the money with which I bought the furniture." He stood aghast, looked at her in amazement, and then she said, "That is

not all. You remember the fire in the city that destroyed the factory? Well, I went down to the factory one evening, fearing the thefts would be discovered, and I set fire to the books, but the fire spread and the factory was burned down. The papers said it was an incendiary fire, but I did it, I did it! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?" Let me tell you what they did. They went to the Directors of the Company, and that young husband said, "My wife has a confession to make." She made it and when she was through he said to them, "You can have all the furniture, all the paintings, all the money we have. We will do all we can to right the wrong she did; she must get right with God." Oh, how sin burdened that woman's conscience. Oh, the blasting, blighting, burning influence of *sin*. I know a man who one day stole a broadax, and while he was seeking pardon God never said one word about that ax, but in the near future after he heard from heaven, God spoke to him one day and said, "Son, you must take back that broadax you stole." And he said, "I will, tonight, Lord." But God said, "Take it back in daylight." And he did. I knew a boy about ten years of age who came to me in one of my meetings and he said, "I have just got one thing more to do." I asked

what it was and was told that one day he saw a man pulling some things out of his pocket, pull out also a penknife, which he dropped unknowingly on the ground, and then walked off and left it lying on the ground. This lad picked it up and kept it, but said he, "I must take it back and tell him." And he did and was a satisfied boy after that. In that same meeting a young woman came to me and said, "I want some advice; I am keeping company with a young man who is not a Christian, and I guess I must give him up." I told her that was right. God was not pleased with it. Then she said, "I have a date with him to bring me to church tonight." I said come with your mother; let him go; he will not bother you when you let him know you are going with God. How faithful the Holy Ghost is all the time and everywhere. At Sullivan, Ind., a young man walked into a grocery store and said to the grocer, "Since that fellow has been preaching in this meeting my girl won't look at me." The Spirit had been applying the truth to the girl's heart, and she was minding God. Thank His holy name, this salvation, the real thing, will get a man where he will not only not sin, but *where he will not want to sin—the want to will all be taken out.* And God does it

every time when you are willing He should. Faithful is He who calleth you, who also will do it.

Let me now call your attention to this second text—*The Day of Redemption*. This is a day the sinner will never see. Redemption is salvation completed. It is deliverance from all the infirmities of the body, from all the ills that flesh is heir to. The Israelites will tell you that from the time that Jacob wrestled with the angel, he limped all the rest of his days. But when the resurrection morning comes, and that body is restored, Jacob will not have his limp any longer. We may suffer in these bodies of ours clear down to the grave, and live to please God, too, but there our sufferings will all end. Trials, temptations, conflict, suffering, will all be a thing of the past. I confess I think a great deal of this body of mine. In it I marched many a weary mile, carrying a Springfield rifle and tramping through the red clay of old Virginia. In this body I one day met Jesus Christ, and heard Him say, "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee." In this body, which is a temple of the Holy Ghost, I have had many precious times. Yes, I expect in this very same body, only glorified, to see my Lord. I have no sympathy with

that hymn that is sometimes sung, in ecstasy by some folks, "I don't care where you bury me, my sins are pardoned, I am free." I do care. If Jesus does not come for me, and I should go the way that Jesus went, down through the grave, place this old body away very carefully, for as sure as Jesus rose from the grave, I have the promise, "They that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," and one day the clods shall fly above my grave and I shall get up *in this same body* and meet my Lord in the air. That will be a wonderful day to the saints. One day a pastor was in the poor house visiting an old saint who was on her death bed, and she was smiling, so he asked her, "Why are you smiling?" and she said, "I was thinking what a change it will be for me, *from the almshouse to glory.*"

*"Oh, what a wondrous change shall Jesus' sufferers know,
As o'er the fields of bliss they range, incapable
of woe."*

Think of it! From trial to triumph, from the cross to the crown. Paul tells us that the saints in glory are longing for the time when they shall be restored to their bodies, shall have them again.

That reminds me that a lieutenant down on the Peninsula lost his good right arm. When he came out from under the influence of the anæsthetic he said to the surgeon, "Where is my right arm?" And they told him out in the ditch. "Bring it to me; I want to see it once more." When they brought it in he grasped it with his left hand and said, "Goodbye, old arm; you will never swing another saber, nor pull on another bridle, but goodbye till the morning of the first resurrection, and then I'll see you again." Do you believe that? Have you a faith like that? If not, then you are three thousand years behind the times, for old Job said as he lay there in his affliction, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after the skin the worms shall destroy this body, yet *in my flesh* shall I see God." Piety day; then *thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just*. That day of redemption is a day the sinner shall never see. With him the worst is yet to come. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and *worse*.

This leads us to the third text—*The Day of Judgment*. A day that is big with destiny. I saw a picture once—let me describe it to you.

A court room, twelve empty chairs; in these the jury had sat; a lone man on the bench waiting; a prisoner in the box, thoughtful and pensive, leaning his head on his hand; nearby sat a woman, the wife of the prisoner, with several little children standing by, and a babe on her lap. The title of the picture was, "Waiting for the Verdict." He did not know what it would be, but every sinner dying in his sins *knows* what the verdict will be. The soul that sinneth it shall die. Sentence against an evil work is only delayed, but each and every evil doer knows God is just. Too late at that day to remedy mistakes, to undo wrongs. Carlyle, the old Scotch writer and philosopher, was indeed a very gifted man; a man of genius, a vigorous writer and author. He had a wife who would have shone in any circle, but his wife was overshadowed by his gigantic qualities. He kept her in the shade, and she was little appreciated by him or his friends. The time came when she died, and then he knew what she was. He said one day, "I have lived thirty years with an angel, and did not know it." He loaded up with flowers from the hothouse one day and went out to her grave (some men never give their wives any flowers till after they are dead), and as he dropped them one by one

on her grave, he said, "Oh, Jean, Jean, if I only had known." But it is too late now, and regrets never undo the past, nor do they bring back opportunities. You know that the most of folks have their little spats when they are first married—I mean after the glamor has worn off. So did a young couple of whom I have heard. The wife followed him to the door as he was going to work and said to him, "Goodbye, John." But he went right on as though he had not heard. Raising her voice she again said "Goodbye, John." But the brute went right on. Calling after him as he was nearly passing out of sight, she repeated, "I said Goodbye, John." And there was no reply. How he did wish as they brought him home shortly before noon that he had said goodbye, just once; but now it was too late—the little cottage was burned to the ground and she was in the ashes. *Regrets avail nothing.* So it will be at the Judgment Day. We may long to undo the past, we may pray, but praying time has gone forever. As a man has sowed so shall he reap. He who has said, "Go thy way," will hear, "Depart from me." He who said, "Have me excused," will find he is excused and *excused forever*. As a man sows *so* shall he reap. Destiny is fixed forever, and fixed by

a man's own actions. Here we make character, and what God inspects there is *character*. We must leave houses and lands and reputation behind us, but we take character with us, and it is the only thing that we can take. Probation ends forever; the last opportunity is gone, and gone forever. When James Pollock was Governor of Pennsylvania a number of years ago, the pardoning power was entirely in the hands of the Governor, not with a commission, as it is now. There was a man who was condemned to die, and the last Friday was near at hand. Governor Pollock was a Christian man and much interested in the spiritual condition of the criminal. One day he went to the Warden of the penitentiary and told him he would like to see the man soon to die, saying at the same time, "Do not tell him who I am; just put me in the cell with him." The Warden called the turnkey, gave him his instructions, and the Governor was ushered into the cell. When the prisoner saw him he said, "Who are you?" "I came to pray with you," said the Governor. "Well, you can get out of here. When I want any snivelling Harrisburg parsons to pray with me, I will send for them." "But, man, you are to die next Friday, and I am interested in your soul. I would

like to pray for you." "Get out, I told you. Hallo, turnkey! Come take this preacher out of here." The turnkey came, and Mr. Pollock left without the opportunity to pray with the prisoner. A few days after the turnkey said to the prisoner, "Do you know who that man was that wanted to pray for you?" "No, I do not. I suppose it was some preacher from the city." "No," said the turnkey; "it was Governor Pollock." "Governor Pollock? Why did you not tell me? I would have fallen on my bended knees to him. I would have begged him for a pardon. I would have told him of my wife and little ones. I would have told him that there were extenuating circumstances, that I was not wholly to blame." But the opportunity had gone. If that man had prayed, if he had truly repented, who knows but the Governor might have been moved to pardon him. But too late, too late. Here we may have pardon, here we may pray, here God is always present, here are promises that encourage, here are praying friends, and the very heavens are bending as God inclines Himself to hear the sinner pray; but in that great day praying breath is spent in vain. Do you know, have you learned it from God's Word, that the men of today are the worst sinners the world

ever saw, or the heavens ever looked upon? Not Scriptural? Listen to this: "Woe unto you, Capernaum, woe unto you, Bethesda. It shall be more tolerable in the day of Judgment for Tyre and Sidon than for thee." Why? Because they have sinned against greater light. Hear the Master, He who spake as never man spake, He to whom was given the tongue of the learned. "The people of Nineveh shall rise in judgment and condemn this generation, for they repented at the preaching of Jonah, and behold, a greater than Jonah is here." We are living in the best age the world has ever seen, the Dispensation of the Holy Ghost. He is doing His best to win men for God and righteousness, and men are doing their utmost to resist Him. I do really believe that the very devils in hell will be astonished because *you* are lost. You for whom the Son of God died; you to whom all heaven appealed; you for whom a mother prayed, with whom the Spirit of God pled and strove. Some years ago a man of wealth was the president of a National Bank in Chicago. He owned coal lands in southern Indiana, was part owner of stone quarries, and spent much money to open up a railroad to the mines. One venture he used the bank to advance his own private schemes, vio-

lated the law of the nation, and the Government officials were on his track at once. He was arrested, tried, and though defended by counsel of ability and talent, he was found guilty. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court and after one year, during which he restored some millions of dollars, the Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the lower court, and the wires from Washington flashed the news to Chicago that he must go to Leavenworth. The detective at once was by his side; he bade goodbye to wife and children, took the train on the Rock Island, and went to the Federal Prison at Leavenworth. The guards on the walls knew he was coming, the prisoners in the prison knew, somehow or other, that he was coming. And when he was given his number and suit, they whispered to each other —— is here. The man who had his millions, the man who was president of ——, the man who moved in the highest circles of society. If we had his chances we never would have been found here; we had no high-priced lawyer, we had no friends to appeal our case, or we would not have entered this place of woe. So in hell, when *you* shall be lost, the very demons will hiss with astonishment that you of all men should be eternally lost. Hear

them as they taunt the lost soul. "For us no Savior died, no Holy Spirit ever strove with us; no Gospel of salvation for us. To us no ministers ever came, talking of hope. When we fell, we fell forever. *But you*—you trampled the blood of the Son of God under your feet; you came to the torments of the damned over the crucified body of the Christ of Calvary. You invited your own damnation; you paved your own way to this hell home of the forever lost." Is it not so that today men are running against the shields of the Almighty? They insult the Holy Ghost, they invite the wrath of God. Hear the Word, "Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming." The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Men today are sinning against light, against the examples of godly living in their own homes, against their own consciences. The Word cries, "Prepare to meet thy God," and they make no preparation. The Son of God says, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." And there are few getting ready. Men are in love with sin—sin, the thing that God hates—they are crucifying the Son of God afresh and putting Him to an

open shame, and *yet* he cries, "How shall I give him up?" Oh, men and women for whom Christ died, yield yourself to God before it shall be eternally too late, and thou shalt take up the cry, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended and I am not *saved*." And to be *not saved* is to be eternally *lost*!

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